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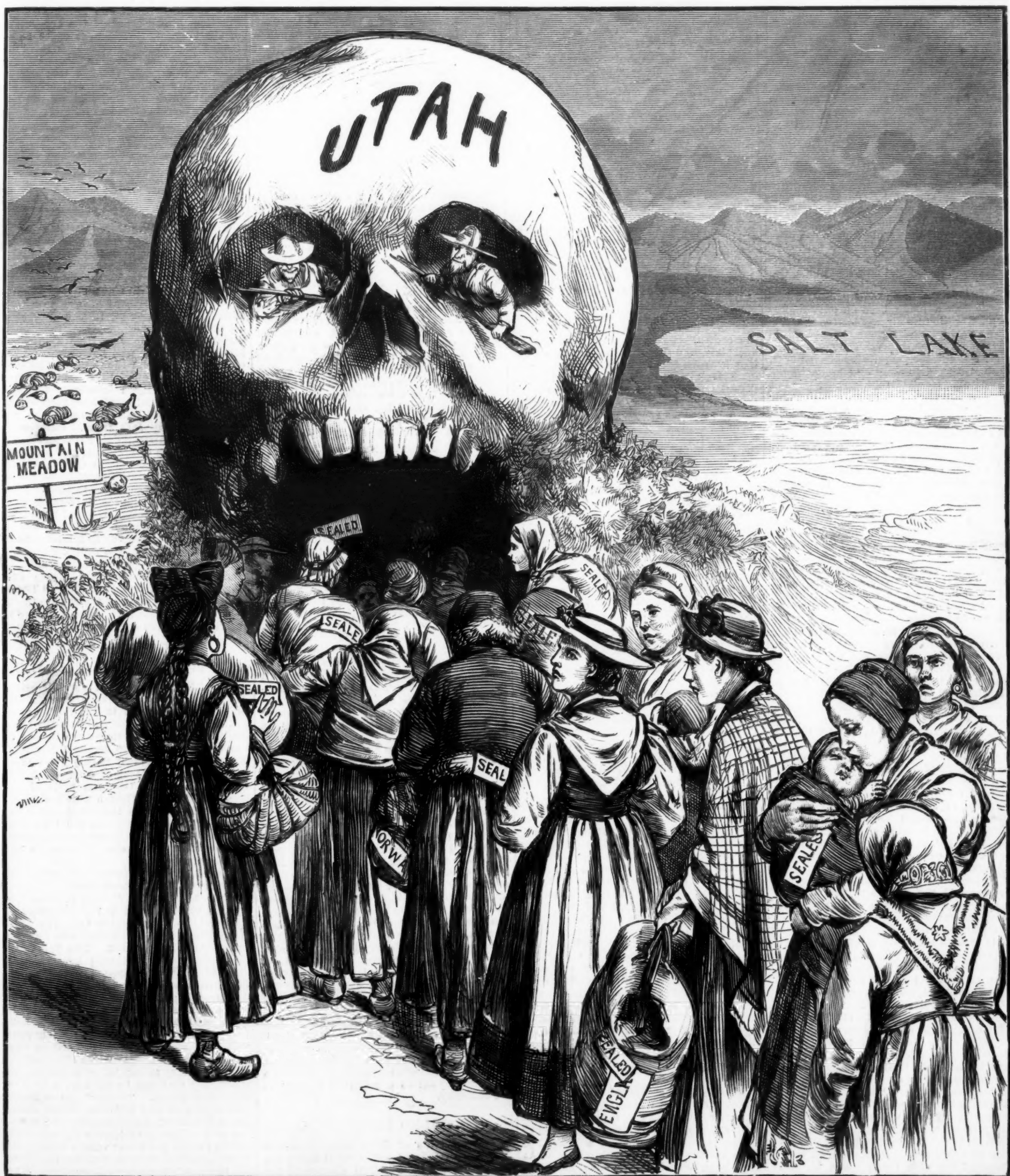
# FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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MORMONISM IN UTAH—THE CAVE OF DESPAIR.

FRANK LESLIE'S  
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,  
53, 55 & 57 PARK PLACE, NEW YORK.

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 4, 1882.

### THE TRIAL OF GUTEAU.

THE assassin of the President has been duly tried and convicted. September 21st was the day of the funeral of the victim. January 25th was the day when twelve men, after a fair trial, declared that Charles J. Guiteau "being of sound mind, memory and discretion," was guilty of his murder. It was only four months; and now we can look at the matter calmly as a striking event in the history of criminal jurisprudence. The fiercest popular passions must cool at last. This act was so atrocious, so far-reaching in its results, and so urgent in its appeal to the feelings of mankind, that it was hard to treat the actor according to modern notions of justice. It was not unnatural that there should have been a wild hunger for vengeance, impatient of the restraints of the law; that our English brethren, forgetting their own criminal records, should reproach us for the methods by which we reached the result, and that we ourselves should forget our civilization and complain that Lynch law did not prevail at the capital.

But we can look at it more temperately now. The admitted red-handed murderer, with the plain motive of hate or greed, is entitled to a fair and impartial trial by a jury presided over by a judge who must expound the law as it is. There is no shortcut to the gallows which does not lead us back into barbarism. The worst murderer must be taken to the scaffold by the legal path and protected by the law until he reaches it; and thus only can public wrath against a murderer be properly appeased. Every man charged with crime is entitled to make his defense, whatever it may be. To deny the right is to commit another murder. It is evident now that Judge Cox understood the duty imposed upon him, and did it fearlessly in spite of public clamor. Rarely has a judge been so passionately assailed while discharging his functions.

The public forgot the question at issue in their rage at the crime. The murder was admitted, and the perpetrator gloried in it. That it was deliberate and premeditated needed only formal proof. There was but one question left: Was he an irresponsible lunatic, or was he sane, in a legal sense, and, therefore, amenable to punishment? He had an absolute right to have this question tried, under due legal form. To deny it would have been to frustrate justice. He had a right to be present and to act such part as his nature prompted. To remove him or to compel him to act like a sane man by force or threats, would have been to pre-judge the issue, and to make the trial a nullity. Judge Cox, with the express consent of the prosecution, guarded against this danger, and allowed the passions of the prisoner and the defense to exhaust themselves, and then in a charge singularly lucid and impartial he recalled the attention of the jury to the true and only issue, and so expounded the perplexing legal questions involved, that while he kept strictly within accepted principles, he also made the case a landmark in the progress of medical jurisprudence. The two word-pictures of this amazing human being, which he held up before the jury for their choice, at the close of the charge, were drawn with remarkable power. They promptly pronounced the first to be the true likeness of Guiteau—"violent in temper, selfish, immoral and dishonest; leading a life of hypocrisy, swindling and fraud and, finally, by a culmination of his depraved career, working himself into the resolution of startling the world with a crime which would secure him a bad eminence." It is true, as the Judge remarked, that "the subtle essence called mind defies ocular inspection," but the jury surveyed the whole life of this man, and, through the wise action of the court, they watched the manifestations of his mind through his tongue and his bodily motion for eleven weeks, and then they had no hesitation in discerning his true portrait.

It is evident that their conclusion meets general approbation. The last act of the judicial drama is to come. The law's delays are not yet over. The exceptions taken must be disposed of by the Judges of the Supreme Court of the District, and it is certain that they will do their duty as coolly and fearlessly as Judge Cox has done his. The difficulties to come are lessened by the judicious latitude given to the prisoner in the trial. One weak point might safely have been avoided. The Judge held that insanity must be proved. The prisoner did bring proof of it; then the prosecution brought much more proof of sanity; then the prisoner offered to furnish additional proof of insanity, but it was refused. It would seem possible to hold that, in view of the wide range taken in this case, the prisoner ought not to have been confined to his *prima facie* proof of the issue upon which the whole case rested. But let

us await the end with patience—insisting that, after all, the Guiteau trial is not a reproach to American jurisprudence.

### EXTRAVAGANT INSURANCE METHODS.

THE fire insurance companies of the United States have always been very expensively, not to say extravagantly, managed, and consequently, as a whole, they have never been profitable, although the greater frequency of incendiary fires here than in Europe is an element against them which has also tended towards this result. While the thirty-eight companies transacting the largest business in the country earned in premiums, during the twenty years from 1853 to 1874, the enormous sum of \$271,293,368, their expenditures within the same period amounted to \$283,908,653, or \$12,615,285 more than they earned; and between 1874 and 1882 the excess was still greater in proportion to income. Expensive offices, excessively large salaries to officers, and the brokerage system, were at the root of the evil, and still are. The latter is more particularly a source of weakness.

It is estimated that since the system of allowing discounts or commissions to brokers was begun, about 1857, the sum paid to them has far exceeded the profits of all the companies in the United States in the interval. The broker is a middleman who is a parasite on both the companies and the insured, for if his services could be dispensed with, rates of insurance might be lowered to the extent of what he now receives without the profits of the companies being diminished. But so important a factor in insurance transactions has he become, that companies live in fear of him in some degree, knowing as they do, that if they were to refuse to pay a discount, or any lower rate of discount than some others pay, he would straightway go where he could make the most money, and in this way injure the good and benefit the weaker companies that hold out the greatest inducement to him.

Insurers have one remedy for this in their own hands, and that is to transact their business with the companies direct whenever possible. For the agency system the companies are themselves wholly responsible, and the custom of paying agents like brokers by discounts instead of salaries is inimical to good service, for it makes it to the agent's interest to take or recommend all the risks that are offered, whether extra hazardous or not, because of the discount he earns on each. His pecuniary interest is, therefore, antagonistic to that of the company which employs him, and this is wrong in principle. The proper way would be for companies to employ only salaried agents; but competition, especially by the English companies, has induced them to so multiply the number of the latter that the salaried plan looks formidable to them. However reforms in the direction of the more economical management of insurance companies may be ultimately accomplished, the urgent need of them cannot be gainsaid by any one familiar with the costliness of their present methods of transacting business.

### THE REAL AND THE ARTIFICIAL.

THIS is the age when the fertile mind is endeavoring to invent a substitute. That time-honored product of the cow and churn—butter—has been replaced by the more euphonious, but less palatable, oleomargarine. Condensed milk, patent soups, aerated bread, coffee from coconut-shells, are among some of the delightful products of this prolific era. While the man has not yet been seen at the Patent Office who has invented a new oyster, such improvements on nature as coffee-ine, soupine and fishine are among some of the latest creations of the human mind. It was not long ago that an apparently flourishing establishment opened in New York with "brain-food" as the article of barter; and some great inventor—greater than Cagliostro or Edison—has produced a fluid which we are invited to believe has all of the stimulating qualities of the most fiery intoxicant; the most delicious bouquet found in any of the caves of Burgundy, without any properties that will fuddle the intellect, weaken the knee-joint, or tint the complexion. And thus we find nature everywhere improved upon by cunning craftsmen, who possibly have an eye to the time when the farmer, the planter and the nurseryman shall allow their fields to lie fallow, and when everything that administers to our common appetites will be produced by machinery and sold in patent wrappers.

Although such a blessed epoch may be somewhat distant, the man of progress, who will ever remind you that this is the nineteenth century, is by no means backward in his innovations. There was a time, not yet so remote as to be prehistoric, when lager beer, for instance, was manufactured from malt and hops; but now it has been discovered by the brewers that glucose, alum, corn-starch, rice and carbonate

of soda make a better substitute. Some old-fashioned people, however, cry out that when they pay for beer, they prefer beer, and not a solution of corn-starch or glucose. But the brewers are men of progress, and they cannot understand any such unreasonable demands as this. The consequence has been, generally, a very marked falling-off in the consumption of native beer, and the man who delights in the hops-and-malt beverage has been forced to resort to the imported article.

It is not, of course, always so easy to determine what is the real and what is the artificial in all of the manifold forms of merchandise necessary to our daily welfare. Under the Third Empire, Napoleon endeavored himself to his subjects, and really performed a substantial service to the state, in establishing a protective system, making it a penal offense to offer spurious articles for sale with an assurance of their being genuine. This decree embraced every variety of beverage and food. If such a stern statutory measure had any other effect than to protect the health and pockets of the people against the most nefarious forms of swindling, it was in establishing a very high order of commercial honor in every branch of the business-life of the French people. Such a purely American "institution" as short weights and measures is unknown over the sea. Dishonest devices by which the public is imposed upon are guarded against by the most elaborate system of checks and espionage. In Berlin, recently, several wealthy and important retail merchants were prosecuted and convicted of fraud for displaying placards bearing such announcements as "Selling off the entire stock," "Goods slightly damaged by fire," etc., the prosecutor bringing evidence to show that these assertions were pure fiction used as inducements to buy. Every shopkeeper in France selling pinchbeck jewelry is required to place the word "imitation" upon the article or group of articles not genuine; and in England no military weapon ever is offered for sale, unless it has undergone a proof-test at the hands of Government officials. Were safeguards like these thrown about manufacturers in the United States, the probity of our merchants would not be so often questioned, nor would honest weights and measures be oftener the exception than the rule. Three pecks to a bushel; chalk-water in lieu of the honest lacteal; corn-starch for grape-sugar; cigar-ettes made from the cigar-stumps gathered by the industrious Italian—these are some of the innovations on the customs of our fathers which would be surely outlawed.

### THE PRESIDENTIAL DISABILITY.

AMONG the subjects which should receive early attention at the hands of Congress is that of "the Presidential disability." It would be altogether inexcusable to fail to provide by law some definite method for the active exercise of the duties of the Executive office, when, as in the recent case, the President is incapacitated. A Bill introduced in the House by a Pennsylvania Representative seems to meet the difficulty, and, unless a better one shall be presented, should be acted upon at once. This Bill provides that the Supreme Court may be called upon, by petition of any citizen, to determine when the disability of the President begins and when it shall end; that if the Court shall decide the President to be unable to discharge his duties, the Vice-President shall thereupon enter and act as President until, for sufficient cause, the Court shall decide that the disability has ceased to exist, when the President shall again assume the duties of the Presidential office. This measure, to say the least of it, would be entirely safe. Another Bill designed to meet the dilemma which existed last Summer, when, there being no House and no Speaker in existence, there was but one life between a Constitutional Government and anarchy, proposes a constitutional amendment providing for a perpetual House after the same plan as the organization of the Senate—the members to be divided into three classes, the first class to be elected for two years, the second class for four years, and the third class for six years. This Bill has some supporters, but its passage is doubtful, there being obvious objections to a long tenure in the popular branch of Congress, where our system demands that the frequent changes of public sentiment should make themselves felt. As to the main question, however, the ascertainment and declaration of the precise limitations of Presidential disability, there is no room for any serious difference of opinion, and the formulation of a satisfactory Act on the subject need not be a matter of the slightest difficulty.

### MUDDLED DIPLOMACY.

THE accession of Mr. Frelinghuysen to the portfolio of Secretary of State has been followed by a radical change in the policy of this Government towards the South American Republics. The correspondence sent to Congress, last week, shows

that Mr. Blaine in his instructions to Mr. Trescott, sent out as special commissioner, directed him to demand of Chili an explanation of the arrest of President Calderon, of Peru, and to say, unless it should be shown that such arrest was not made in recent reply to the continued recognition of the Calderon Government by the United States, that this Government would feel justified in breaking off diplomatic relations; and, further, that if Chili should persist in annexing Peruvian territory without giving Peru time to arrange for guarantees of indemnity, by which a sacrifice of her territory may be averted, the United States would call upon the republics of the continent to join in an effort to prevent what would amount to the extinction of a sister republic.

This was in December. On the 2d of January Secretary Frelinghuysen instructed Mr. Trescott, by telegraph, to exert his influence pacifically, and to avoid all issues which might lead to his withdrawing from his post in Chili; and two days later further informed the envoy that it was the wish of the President that our friendly offices should be extended impartially to both republics (Chili and Peru), and that questions growing out of the suppression of the Calderon Government could be attended to at Washington. In a third dispatch, dated January 10th, Secretary Frelinghuysen directly revoked that part of Mr. Blaine's original instructions to Mr. Trescott which directed him on the contingency therein stated as follows:

"You will say to the Chilean Government that the President considers such a proceeding as an intentional and unwarranted offense, and that you will communicate such an avowal to the Government of the United States, with the assurance that it will be regarded by the Government as an act of such unfriendly import as to require the immediate suspension of all diplomatic intercourse. You will inform me immediately of the happening of such a contingency, and instructions will be sent to you."

Prior to sending this last dispatch, in which he abandoned the aggressive policy of his predecessor, Secretary Frelinghuysen had received official assurance from the Chilean Minister in Washington that his Government meant no affront to the United States by the removal of Calderon from Lima. It would seem, from a perusal of all the correspondence, that this whole diplomatic muddle is primarily due to Minister Hurlbut, who not only went out of his way to hector the Chilians in a very offensive and dictatorial fashion, but undertook to adjust the relations of the west coast republics and administer their affairs according to his own sovereign will and pleasure. It appears from a letter from Minister Kilpatrick, dated December 2d, that the Chilean Government had promised that it would not demand a cession of territory as an absolute condition of peace, and that it would endeavor to build up and strengthen the Calderon Government in Peru. These promises, General Kilpatrick intimates, would have been fulfilled but for the representations made by Minister Hurlbut of the attitude of the United States and bad faith on the part of Calderon. The country will not be sorry to learn that General Hurlbut has been ordered home, whatever it may think of the change in our policy as to the main questions involved in the Chili-Peruvian quarrel.

### NEW YORK'S BUSINESS BOARDS.

FROUDE has presented an interesting picture of the commercial associations or guilds of England in the feudal ages, and has traced their influence on the home life of the people at a time when the arm of the law reached to the smallest details of trade. During the last twenty years there has grown up a system of commercial and financial boards in the metropolis of the New World, which, though widely different in their design from the transatlantic exchanges "where merchants most do congregate," have yet their own peculiar interest as illustrating our progress in the domain of commerce.

One of the most famous, of course, of these Boards, is the Stock Exchange, which no faro bank in the country has ever yet equaled in the extent and recklessness of the gambling there carried on. The present edifice in Broad Street has been recently renovated at a large cost. Two years ago the membership numbered 1,060, and a limit of 1,100 was fixed, the forty additional tickets being issued at \$10,000 each, thus creating a fund of \$400,000 for the improvements referred to; but there is now, nevertheless, a deficit of \$150,000. Last year 113,522,000 shares of stock were sold here, and over \$650,000,000 of new securities "listed"—a striking illustration of the tendency to capitalize anything and everything that can be used as a bait to tempt the public. "Seats" in the Stock Exchange now cost \$12,000. Every member of the Stock Exchange can be a member of the New York Mining Exchange by simply paying the dues; others have paid \$3,000 for seats, though recently the price fell to \$1,800; there are 475 members. The American Mining Exchange, where seats are only \$200, has a membership of 201. The Produce Exchange is one of the

most thriving organizations of its kind in the country. It is now, as is well-known, erecting a new Exchange, at an estimated cost of \$2,000,000, though the total expense will approximate \$3,000,000. Twenty-five or thirty years ago the produce merchants of New York met in the rotunda of the then Merchants' Exchange, now the Custom House. Subsequently, when the customs service was removed from the present sub Treasury building to the Merchants' Exchange, which the Government had leased, the produce merchants, who owned no building as yet, met at the corner of Broad and South Streets under the awning of a saloon. In 1860, however, the Produce Exchange Company was formed, and the building at present occupied erected, the site and building together costing only \$250,000. Seats now cost \$2,900, and the membership is limited to the present three thousand members. Gambling in grain cannot be checked, and is, therefore, allowed to take its course. Some of the trading in "options" is legitimate, but by far the larger part is mere betting on the course of the market. For instance, the receipts of wheat here last year were only 44,285,000 bushels, but the so-called "sales" at this exchange were 488,000,000 bushels, with a nominal value of \$635,000,000; of corn, of which only 45,900,000 bushels were actually received here, the "sales" were 233,000,000 bushels, worth apparently \$130,000,000; and of lard, a favorite speculation here and at the West, the receipts were but 605,000 tierces, though 5,923,000 tierces of "paper" lard were sold at a nominal valuation of no less than \$220,000,000.

The old Pine Street Exchange, which has since become the Maritime Association, is one of the best organizations of its kind anywhere in the world. It has a membership of one thousand, and certificates cost from \$400 to \$450.

The present Cotton Exchange is the growth of many years; formerly the only "Exchange" the cotton brokers had were a few benches in Pearl Street. Finally, a gloomy, inconvenient room was leased, and was occupied till about ten years ago, when the present handsome brown-stone building was purchased. It is now too small for the growing wants of the board, and, as there is a surplus of \$400,000 in the treasury, it is proposed to erect a larger building. There are 450 members, and the official price of "seats" is \$10,000, though they are elsewhere obtainable at about \$6,000. Cotton is another favorite speculation both here and at the South, and though the last crop—one of unprecedented magnitude—was but 6,590,000 bales, the sale of "futures" at New York alone were nearly 30,000,000 bales.

Then there are the Butter and Cheese Exchange, with 548 members; the Petroleum Board, with 200 members; the Sugar Exchange, the new Coffee Board, the Coal and Iron Exchange, the Grocers' and Hardware Boards of Trade, the Board of Trade and Transportation, and even a Drug Board.

And it may be said that, if some of these Exchanges are hotbeds of speculation, they also serve a useful purpose in bringing merchants into easy communication with each other, and in facilitating the transaction of legitimate business.

#### ECHOES FROM ABROAD.

THE career of M. Gambetta as Premier and Minister of Foreign Affairs of the French Republic has not justified the expectations of his admirers. It has been marked by failure from the outset, and has ended in overwhelming disaster. When he assumed the post on the 11th of November, he had practically everything in his favor, but he wasted his strength in the obstinate pursuit of a whim, and on the 16th ultimo the representatives of the people in the Chamber of Deputies rejected, by a vote of 305 to 117, his Bill for the revision of the Constitution and the establishment of *scrutin de liste*, upon which he had staked the existence of his Ministry. He went down, however, with undaunted front, his last words as he descended from the tribune being, "My past is known. Above all ambitions there is the future of the country." Of course, the resignation of the Ministry followed immediately upon the adverse vote of the Chamber, but the event occasioned comparatively little excitement, the result having been very generally anticipated. M. de Freycinet was intrusted with the formation of a new Cabinet.

There was a lively scene in the German Reichstag one day last week, growing out of an aggressive speech by Prince Bismarck in defense of the Imperial rescript. He denied absolutely the constitutional supremacy of Parliament; it was to the sovereign, and not to Parliament, that Germany owed the position she enjoyed. This positive assertion of the prerogatives of royalty provoked a storm of protests, but the Chancellor held his ground and boldly declared that he accepted all the responsibility of his position. Public opinion does not at all sustain either the rescript or Bismarck's defense of it. One journal says: "The decree means a declaration of war against the entire constitutional system of Europe." Another prominent journal says it is now impossible to avoid a conflict, and hopes that the people will stand true to their

representatives in Parliament in order to protect the Constitution.

The situation in Ireland remains substantially unchanged. Additional troops have been sent to Dublin; several members of the Connelgang of outlaws have been convicted at the Cork Assizes; and the Government seems at last to have got its hand fairly upon the throat of the organized insurrectionary movement. It is said that Messrs. Larnell, Dillon and O'Kelly intend to resign their seats in Parliament in order that new members may be elected before a division in the House of Commons relative to the *cloture*.

The revolt in Herzegovina is spreading. The insurgents are concentrating in the mountains, and the Austrian communications are seriously menaced. The Austrians are compelled to fight at a disadvantage, owing to the mountainous character of the country and the ability of the insurgents to avail themselves of the strong positions it affords them; but the invaders will, of course, succeed in the end in subduing the hardy people whose one great fault is their love of freedom.

The agitation in England in aid of the persecuted Jews in Russia has occasioned a good deal of anger in the latter country, where it is interpreted as a sign of British "hatred." The Russian Ambassador at London has declined to transmit to his Government a memorial which expresses regret that the maltreatment of the Jews apparently has the imperial sanction.

#### LADIES' NIGHT AT THE UNION LEAGUE.

THE Ladies' Night at the Union League Club was a supreme success. With graceful gallantry, the members for the nonce flung wide the portals of their lordly pleasure-house, and for "around three hours" the music of woman's tongue and the rippling woman's laugh usurped the deep growl of politics or the ringing guffaw of the smoking-room joke. The newly-elected President, Hon. William M. Evarts, with Mrs. Evarts and two of his daughters, received the guests in the library, while a band in the grand hall discussed "Patience" and the "Mascotte" and "Carmen"; and another band, embowered in greenery on the tiny stage—the theatre being turned into a ball-room—performed dance music to the delectation of the younger portion of the visitors, who spun in the *valse à trois temps* or "footed it" in the quadrille on a floor level as a die and "fit" as a curling-rink.

In the magnificent dining-room two tables, extending its entire length, groaned under a piquant and picturesque supper, while, on the floor underneath in card-rooms, and gossip corners, and coigns of vantage, cozy little tables for three and four were laid out, whereat fair women and brave men supped from a menu worthy of Brillat Savarin—the champagne being iced to perfection. Mention should be made of the loan collection of pictures, a notable one in many respects, exhibited in the ante rooms; and many a sigh of regret ruffled fair bosoms at being compelled to be satisfied by a passing glance at a Meissonnier, or a half minute opposite a *Détaille*. The magnificent club-house appeared at its best, and the animated scene on the lordly stairway, as bejeweled and beautiful women, in toilets absolute clots of vivid color lounged up and down, or stood chatting in admiring groups, was one that Fortuny should have lived to witness and—to paint.

THE Bill to permit Associate Judge Ward Hunt of the Supreme Court to retire with a pension having become a law, it is to be hoped that the resident in filling the vacancy so created, will maintain the standard of qualifications both as to dignity of character and intellectual capacity which he established in the appointment of Justice Gray. The Court needs reinforcement in both of these particulars, and to permit it to further deteriorate, when so good an opportunity for its elevation is offered, would be little less than a public misfortune.

GOVERNOR ST. JOHN of Kansas states that there is not a legalized dram-shop in that State, and he adds that the sentiment in favor of prohibition is growing rapidly throughout the entire West. If the question can be kept out of politics, it is quite possible that a number of States will, at no distant day, follow the example of Kansas in outlawing the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors as beverages. The main obstacle in the way of achieving this result will be the difficulty of preventing political managers from prostituting the question to partisan ends, and making it a hobby for their own personal advancement.

THE Senate Judiciary Committee has finally reported a Bill for the suppression of polygamy. It does away with the present requirement for proofs of polygamous marriages by providing that the fact of living in bigamous relations shall be sufficient evidence for conviction, and that in prosecutions for bigamy any person drawn as a jurymen may be challenged on the ground that he practices or believes in polygamy as a religious rite. It also contains provisions debarring polygamists from the privileges of voting, service on juries, or holding office. It vacates all the registration and election offices of every description in the Territory, and devolves upon a board of five persons, to be appointed by the President and confirmed by the Senate, each and every duty relating to the registration of voters, the conduct of elections, the receiving or rejection of votes, etc., until a new Territorial Legislature shall have been elected. This legislative assembly so elected shall provide by law for the filling of all offices vacated by this Act. This is certainly a step in the right direction. The one effective remedy

for the Mormon evil will be found in the entire reconstruction by Congress of the system of Territorial laws and the machinery by which it is administered, and the enforcement of the sovereign Federal authority precisely as if the Territories had never had any distinct autonomy.

WHILE prominent citizens of New York are moving to secure the establishment of free circulating libraries throughout the city by popular subscriptions, Baltimore is considering a proposition, just made by Mr. Enoch Pratt, one of her "solid" business men, to establish and endow a "free circulating library for the benefit of the whole city," at a cost of more than \$1,000,000, provided the city will grant and create an annuity of \$50,000 forever for the support and maintenance of the library and its branches. It is not to be supposed for a moment that such a magnificent gift as this will be declined. Baltimore is fortunate in possessing a citizen whose munificence will give her pre-eminence in the facilities provided for the enlightenment of the people.

THERE is said to be a disposition on the part of many of the best men of Congress to urge the passage, at this session, of a law to regulate and control the counting of electoral votes. Leading Senators of both parties express themselves in favor of some legislation on this subject. Some Democratic Senators are now strongly in favor of Senator Edmunds's Bill which passed the Senate of the Forty-fifth Congress. This Bill, it will be remembered, provides that each State may regulate its own method of deciding controversies over electoral returns by laws passed prior to the origin of such controversies, and that the State's decision shall be final and conclusive. It is to be hoped that this or some other measure may be pushed through both Houses. The time is favorable for the consideration of the subject, since, with the Presidential election nearly three years away, and partisan antagonisms sensibly modified by recent events, wise and statesmanlike action would be more probable than when in the midst of violent political excitements.

NEW JERSEY Judges have a deserved reputation for ability and inflexible enforcement of the demands of justice. If Guiteau had been tried before any member of the Supreme Court of that State, his plea of insanity would have been brushed aside very speedily as the merest nonsense. In a murder case in Newark, the other day, in which the defendant set up the defense that he had done the fatal deed in obedience to an irresistible impulse and when not in his right mind—in other words, that he was insane at the moment of the killing—Judge Lepeue laid down the law that insanity is disease, and not a transient impulse of the mind; there is no such thing as emotional insanity which begins on the eve of the criminal act, and ends when it is consummated; there is no such thing as moral insanity as a defense to a criminal accusation; if the accused could make the distinction between right and wrong and control his conduct under ordinary circumstances, he cannot acquit himself on a plea of irresistible impulse. That this is at once sound sense and sound law is beyond dispute, and courts and juries generally will yet come to accept it as such.

THE unfortunate Chinaman is still the object of Congressional prejudice. He cannot vote; he doesn't count in any way as a political factor, and so it is perfectly safe to "pitch into" him on all possible occasions, and subject him to all possible annoyances. The latest effort in that direction takes the form of a Bill introduced in the House by a Kentucky Representative, which makes the residence of Chinese laborers in the United States unlawful, but graciously gives all Chinese subjects resident here on the 17th of last November the privilege of coming and going at will. By way of emphasizing its restriction, the Bill provides for registration and identification of such persons, and prohibits masters of vessels from bringing more than five laborers to this country at a time under penalty of fine and imprisonment. It is scarcely to be supposed that a measure so utterly antagonistic to the spirit and tendency of American life and institutions as this unquestionably is, can command the approval of Congress; but its mere introduction and possible consideration by a House Committee shows the prevalence of a bigoted and proscriptive temper in political circles, which is anything but creditable to the country.

THE South Carolina Legislature has passed a Bill which practically disfranchises the ignorant colored voters of the State, or at least makes their disfranchisement possible, by placing them wholly at the mercy of the white election officials. The Bill provides for the registration of voters, but authorizes supervisors to revise the lists at discretion, allowing no appeal from their decisions, and requires that the ballot boxes—six in number for State, county and circuit officers, shall be under the sole control of the managers appointed by the State officers, while the boxes for Federal officers, of which there are to be two, shall be presided over by a separate set of managers, in addition to the Federal supervisors. This multiplication of ballot boxes, under the arbitrary control of officials who are not likely to be in sympathy with the colored voters, can only result to the disadvantage of the latter; the simple expedient of directing them to put their ballots in the wrong boxes will effectively nullify their votes. The dominant party in South Carolina will find it difficult to justify legislation of this sort at the bar of enlightened public opinion. Americans believe in fair play, and in the long run all laws which contravene this sentiment must disappear before their righteous opposition.

#### NEWS OF THE WEEK.

##### Domestic.

THREE freethinking professors have been dismissed from the Nebraska State University by the faculty.

A CONSIGNMENT of strawberries from Savannah, Ga., reached New York City last week, and were sold at four dollars a quart.

THE Apaches are making general war on the Mexicans in Sonora, Mexico. Nana, the chief who was reported dead, is alive.

FOR the first time since the nominal resumption of specie payments we are seriously threatened with an outflow of gold to Europe.

THERE appears to be a disposition among Senators and Representatives to repeal the law requiring revenue stamps on bank checks.

OWING to a lack of remunerative business, six fire insurance companies of this city have within the past five weeks retired from the field.

ELEVEN men who are accused of homicide, and two who have been convicted of murder in the first degree, are now in the New York City prison.

MR. HARMER has introduced a Bill in the House granting pensions to disabled postal service employees after twenty-five years of service.

THE eulogy upon the late President Garfield will be delivered in the House of Representatives on Monday, February 27th, by ex-Secretary Blaine.

THE legislative dead-lock at Albany remains unbroken. Several Democratic conferences held last week served only to aggravate the complications.

AN ice gorge at Bradford, Pa., last week, caused the water in the river to rise over ten feet, flooding a portion of the city and causing great damage to property.

THE Post Office Appropriation Bill, as agreed upon in committee, appropriates \$43,639,300, being \$2,681,868 in excess of the appropriation for the current year.

At a convention held in Yankton, D. T., last week, 134 delegates were appointed to visit Washington for the purpose of endeavoring to secure the admission of the southern half of Dakota as a State.

EIGHTEEN Princeton students who had been indicted for malicious mischief in destroying street-lamps and other property, were last week sentenced to pay a fine of \$20 each. Five other indicted students propose to stand trial.

REPORTS of ravages by smallpox in various portions of the country continue to be recorded. In some towns the health authorities have ordered the schools to be closed, and prohibited public performances, balls and other gatherings.

THE verdict in the Guiteau case has been received with rejoicing in all parts of the country. In one or two places salutes were fired, and at Detroit, a man who showed some sympathy with the assassin was mobbed by a theatre audience.

THE House Committee on Foreign Affairs has approved Mr. Cox's Bill for the distribution of the Japanese Indemnity Fund—\$1,516,364 to the Japanese Government and \$254,000 to the officers and crews of the ships *Wyoming* and *Taklang*.

THE Secretary of the Interior has received official reports that there is a prospect of a general Indian uprising in Arizona, Utah and New Mexico in the Spring. It is alleged that the Mormons are furnishing these Indians with arms, ammunition and whisky.

THE Government prosecuting officers who have been preparing the information in the Star Route case, have nearly completed that work, and now that the Guiteau trial is out of the way will soon bring the matter before the Grand Jury. At least they promise to do so.

THE Minnesota railroad bond question has ended in smoke. Governor Hubbard and other State officers, with some ex-governors and miscellaneous dignitaries, assembled the other day at St. Paul and burned the troublesome documents, to the amount of \$2,152,000, in the Capitol furnace.

ACCORDING to a dispatch from Commissioner Tresscott, submitted to Congress last week, the Chilianas now demand of Peru not only a war indemnity of \$20,000,000, payable in ten years, Arica to be occupied until this is paid, but the guano deposits of the Lobos Islands and the complete basin of Tarapaca.

THE Roman Catholic Bishop of Newark, N. J., has revived an old order against incorrigible drunkards in his ecclesiastical jurisdiction, providing that when they have been killed by rum their remains shall not be admitted into the cemeteries. Liquor dealers who sell to drunken men, and wife-beaters, are included in the list.

THE House Census Committee has agreed upon a Bill to fix the number of Representatives in the new reapportionment at 320. Under this Bill, Maine, Vermont, Rhode Island, New Hampshire and Florida lose one Representative each, in case cases the representation is unchanged, while the remaining States all gain one or more members of Congress.

A WASHINGTON dispatch says that the number of miles of railroad built last year under pretense of earning grants of public land was exactly 20. During the same year there were "certified" to the corporations which built these 200 miles of road, as having been earned by the construction, 1,049,440 acres of land, or 5,247 acres to every mile of road actually built.

THE Jury in the Coroner's investigation of the Hudson River Railroad disaster gave their verdict last week, fixing the blame on Melius, the brakeman of the Chicago express, the two engineers and conductor of the same train, the engineer of the Tarrytown train, the superintendent and managers and officers of the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad. The Grand Jury will investigate the case.

##### Foreign.

FIFTEEN thousand Abyssinian troops are believed to have arrived on the Egyptian frontier.

AUSTRIAN gendarmes in Herzegovina are deserting, owing to cruelties practiced by the insurgents.

THE Emperor William has specially thanked Prince Bismarck for his defense of the Imperial rescript.

THE census returns show that the population of Rome and its suburbs is 300,292, an increase since 1871 of 55,808.

CUBAN Senators and Deputies in Spain have demanded an extension of the franchise and electoral rights in the West Indies.

It is believed the Egyptian troubles will be settled at once, England and France having explained the joint note to the Powers.

CHOLERA has appeared among an immense number of pilgrims now assembled at Allahabad, and the Government has ordered them to disperse.

THE trial of thirty-six Nihilists belonging to the Terrorist faction will take place at St. Petersburg on February 21st, before a special court sitting with closed doors.

The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—SEE PAGE 415.



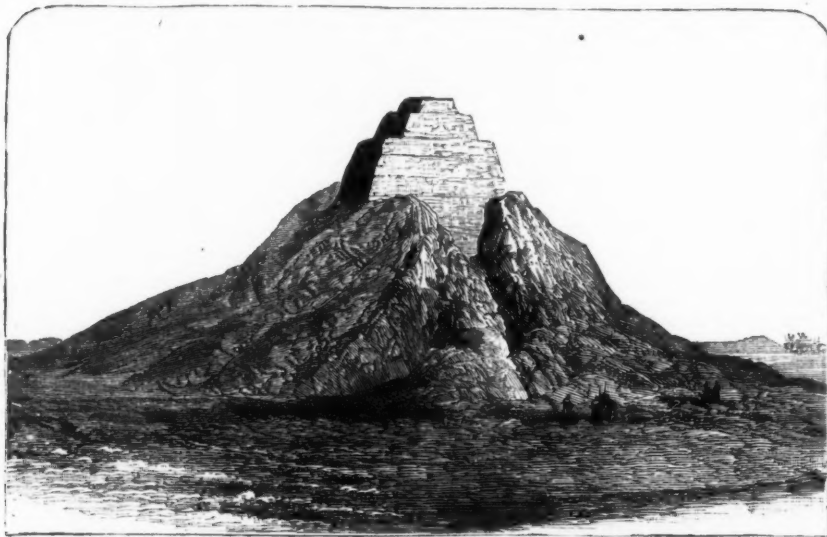
FRANCE.—A HOLIDAY SCENE IN THE CENTRAL MARKET, PARIS.



FIJI.—THE ENGLISH PRINCES AT A NATIVE WAR-DANCE.



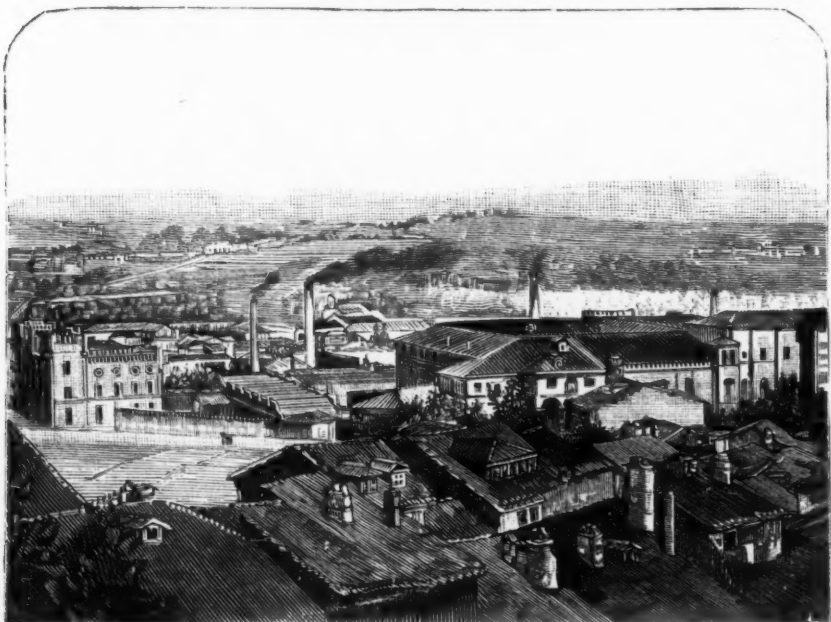
FIJI.—A NATIVE INCANTATION BEFORE THE ENGLISH PRINCES.



EGYPT.—THE PYRAMID OF MEYDOOM, OPENED DECEMBER 13TH, 1881.



IRELAND.—FRIENDS OF MR. PARNELL PLOWING HIS FARM, AVONDALE.



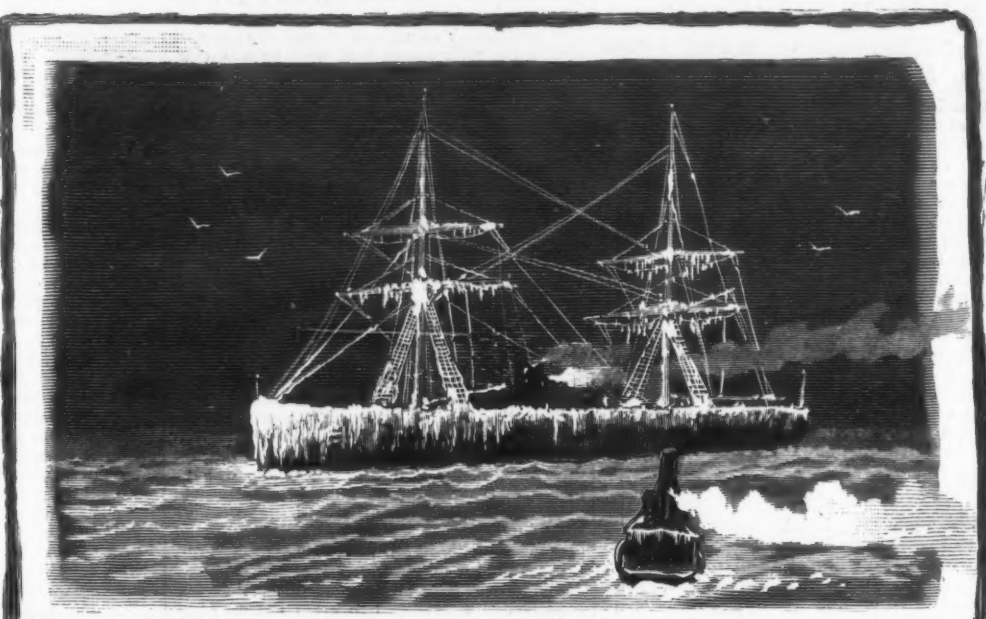
SPAIN.—GOVERNMENT CANNON AND SMALL-ARMS MANUFACTORY, TRUBIA.



ENGLAND.—DISTRIBUTION OF WASTE FISH TO THE POOR OF LONDON.



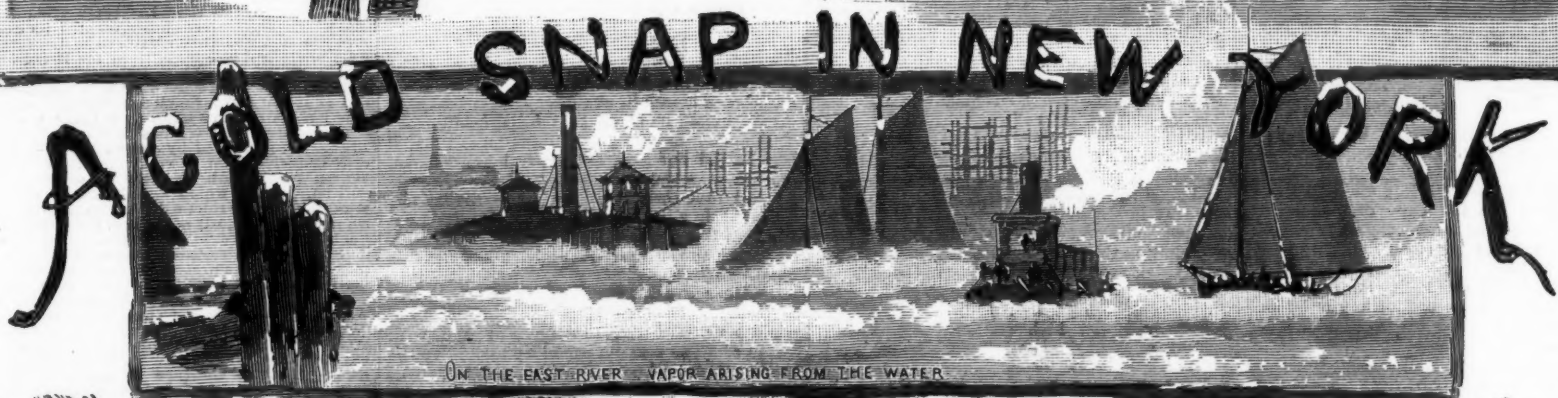
A BROADWAY THERMOMETER 2° BELOW ZERO



ARRIVAL OF A STEAMER AFTER AN ENCOUNTER WITH A BLIZZARD



THE OFFICE OF AN EVENING PAPER WAITING FOR THE 3<sup>RD</sup> EDITION



ON THE EAST RIVER VAPOR ARISING FROM THE WATER



FERRIES—NOW THEN ALTOGETHER

## THE DIFFERENCE.

"REX—Rex married! Ah, I hope he'll be very happy! I'm sure he will be. Tell him so, please, dear Mrs. Parsival, and—give him my love, too, for the sake of the dear old times."

If the words were hard to choose, if the sweet voice faltered somewhat at the last, it was the only sign of pain the speaker gave—but pain was surely there.

"Old times? Oh, yes! I remember now; you and Rex were great friends once, Fay. I'll be sure to tell him."

"Married! I can scarcely realize it!" the young girl continued, absently. "Still, I hope he will be very happy," she repeated softly again.

"Happy? Oh, yes! why shouldn't he be as much so as any one. As for us, we are only too glad to have him do something reasonable—the fact is," the mother went on confidentially, "he has never been quite the same since he came back from Rome. It was a great mistake his going there."

"Ah!" exclaimed Fay, sharply, her breath drawn in a quick gasp.

"Yes, a mistake; but his uncle insisted on it. And now, as for this marriage, it promises well; we hope it will make him something like his old self again. You know, dear, how proud we used to be of him, when he used to come here to recite his Greek with Max, to your father. He was so ambitious then, and now he scarcely touches a book—he is going backward."

The poor old lady wiped away some gentle tears. Fay had listened as one seems to listen in dreams.

"Yes," she answered, quietly, "papa used to call him his 'best scholar'—his good scholar. You know he made a difference—some were merely students—the word 'scholar' was dear to him; it was like a patent of nobility, not to be conferred lightly, he would say. And Rex was 'his scholar,' his favorite."

The young girl had spoken easily, with a faint, warm smile, like a gleam of wintry sunshine on her face, but what a picture the mother's pathetic words, "when he came here to recite," had called up.

Was it so long ago? Ah, heaven, was it so very long ago, when all the world seemed Summer, when the wheat waved on the uplands and the bright river rolled westward through the rushes and the alders, and the golden-breasted birds came flashing up from the South to build and sing in the budding apple-boughs?

"The little birds sang east,  
And the little birds sang west,"

while the window, looking over the sloping lawn, was opened, and a girl, with soft brown eyes and curls of twisted red gold hair, with a blue silk handkerchief tied about her throat, looked out; and an eager lad, with clear, wide brows, wide and open and honest as the day, came up the slope, tossing his books and shouting mouthfuls of rolling Greek, that "golden Greek" he used to call it; and then he brought her to learn with him.

"You can't construe like that," he would say. "Why, I should like nothing better than to be named like Chrysostom, of the golden mouth. You'll never do it."

"No! my mouth isn't big enough" Fay would retort. Then the bell sounded and they trailed in to where the gray-haired old scholar sat amid his volumes.

His favorite scholar!—was it so long ago—that? And the two grew up together, while it seemed to Fay that the splendid browed boy learned all things the black-leathered tomes had to tell. Even to her, it seemed,

"His knowledge marked the boundary  
Where men grew blind, though angels knew the rest."

Then came the parting. Rex went to Rome. "You'll send me the copy of Horace we spoke of? You won't forget, Rex?" the old scholar had said at the last moment.

And Rex had answered, "You may trust me for that, sir. I will see to it the first thing. Why, you will not be out of my mind one moment—you two!" and his eyes had flashed their tears on her!

Ah, well! the Horace had never come—no word had ever come from Rex to the two lonely ones among the New World hills—and old Mr. Rivers had mourned; but Mrs. Parsival's gentle voice is speaking now.

"Yes, we hope much from the marriage. Julia has money—and is sensible! The only drawback is the difference of age. You know she is older than Rex, though she may not look it."

"Older? Surely not much?" Fay says, quietly.

"Only six years. It would not be much if it were on his side. You know it's not so bad when the man is older than the woman; though when I wrote to Rex that absurd story about your being about to marry old Mr. Wentworth he was quite indignant. He wrote back a really angry letter. I never told you? Well, I will go now, and I can have the flowers on Tuesday week, you'll remember. I shall tell Rex all your good wishes, and he will come to see you. Why not?"

So she went away, her soft steps echoing down the hall, passing through the outer door, and leaving the girl feeling as if her last hope of happiness in this world had gone thus away into the wide unfeeling land beyond.

"Fay! Fay!" called a querulous voice, and she started from her drooping attitude and looked about her. Somehow she felt numb and cold. Was this the room—the window in which she and Rex had stood, and was this, a real life she was living, or had she gone backward into dreams.

"Fay, are you there?"

"Yes, papa! I am coming!"

There were no tears to brush away, but her

face was pale. She went into the next room where her father sat, and she spoke to him in her low, sweet voice, and stirred the fire and pulled his robe about him, and he was contented. The mere sight of her satisfied him, just as the touch of his beloved books would satisfy him, now that he read no more.

"Who was it—who was with you, Fay? I heard some one talking."

Yes, papa. It was Mrs. Parsival. They have come back to the old homestead for the Summer."

"And Rex—was Rex with her? But, no! Surely he would have asked to see me. He would have come to the old master. Strange that he never sent me that volume of Horace he promised. Rex always remembered, but he somehow forgot that. Fay, my dear, will you give me some music? We never have any of the old music nowadays."

The old master's mind wandered. He closed his eyes and Fay sat down to the piano. That was part of her life now—to accompany with soft sounds of melody the faltering footsteps moving from her to another world. But today, play what she would, Rex was with her; he listened just as he used to listen in the old days. She felt his hand stealing across her shoulder to turn the page. She met his loving glance. She heard his voice, his step, and felt his touch.

But he was gone now—gone out of her life for ever. He belonged to other homes. But wherever he was, she prayed God bless him! She had not harmed him, but had helped—

"His years with others must the sweeter be,  
For those brief days he spent in loving me."

She said to herself, softly, through the flowing sounds.

It seemed but a continuation of her evening dreams of him when, next morning he stood beside her. It was a veiled gray Summer day: warm without actual rain, but a heavy fog lay on all the meadows and the sloping hills. Fay was standing by the window when Rex came brushing up through the spice-bushes and sweet brier branches, all the misty odors of the wet garden-earth lingering and entering with him.

"Rex—oh, Rex!"

"What! This is my mountain maid, my old playmate? And are you so glad to see me, after all?"

They clasped hands a moment, and then fell apart, looking at each other. No, there was not much change. The same Rex with the splendid brows and brave black eyes; Rex, stronger, taller, more manly; but—Rex with a shadow on him!

And Fay—Where had he been in all his wanderings that he had not carried with him that picture of a slim girl in a white dress with high-piled hair waving over her forehead, the soft eyes smiling at him? Why, even the thread of gold about her slender neck, and the dainty frills of lace on her dress seemed to be a living part of her delicate maidenhood to him.

"No, you are not changed," he said. "You are just the same. My mother told me all your gracious speeches, and so I determined to come and see you once more."

"Yes," answered Fay, simply; "I am glad you came. We have always been sorry that you did not come."

Rex looked a little startled; his face flushed and grew troubled in its look.

"And the old master," he said, hurriedly. "How is he? The dear old master?"

"He is well; that is, as well as ever he is now, for he has changed sadly since you left us, Rex. And he has always mourned that you seemed to neglect him."

"I did care," said Rex, a little sadly, but with that same troubled look, and then the talk flowed on, or rather backward, for it was of the past they talked—the past, sweet dead days.

"This is not much like that day when we said good by," said Rex, as they looked out on the gray landscape. "I always thought of that one particular time as the Gold Day. We went rambling in the morning. Don't you remember how yellow the sheaves of wheat looked, just exactly like little ladies in cloth-of-gold dresses climbing up the field. And then in the beech grove how the high golden beech boughs parted to let in the golden sun. I can see it all now."

He had been talking quickly, but now he stopped. His face was a little pale. He had taken up a seal ring lying on the table, one with a crest and motto, and was gazing at it now with startled eyes.

"Where did you get this?" he exclaimed, hurriedly. "Where did it come from?"

Fay looked. "It is yours," she answered.

"It is one you used to use. You left it here; you said you had two, one was your father's."

"Sh!" He put the ring back, drawing a long breath. "I felt for a moment as if the ghost of a dead hope had confronted me."

He fixed his eyes on her keenly.

"I used this ring, or the one like it, to seal the letter I wrote to you from Rome."

She, too, regarded him more keenly, and she, too, was deadly pale.

"You mean," she said, in a low voice, "that you meant to use it to seal the letter you meant to write to me from Rome?"

What was it now made these two faces so deadly white, gazing at each other through the gray morning gloom.

"Fay—Fay!" called a querulous voice out of an adjoining room.

"It is papa," said Fay. "Will you go in and see him now, Rex? He has heard your voice."

"Wait one moment," cried Rex. "Do you say—do you mean to say you never got my letter from Rome? Is that it, Fay?"

"I never got any letter. I never heard from you in any way after you left us, Rex."

They went in together where the master sat, and Fay stood aside as a ghost might, and looked on as these two, master and scholar, greeted each other. They met as youth and

old age ever met—an eager inquisitiveness and pride in health and strength and grace no longer to be his, on one side, and tender admiration and gentle tolerance of a great mind failing on the other.

"And you never sent me the Horace you promised," said the old master, reproachfully.

"So that was it?"

"Still," he said to himself, "for honor's sake, for sake of his good name, he must tell her the truth. When he left her that morning she had put her hand in his, and with the old friendly manner, with the old friendly look in his eyes, had said:

"I hope you will be happy in your new life, Rex. I told your mother I hoped you would. Now, I am sure of it, for you are the Rex of old days. You are not changed."

Could he let her go on thinking all her life that he had been false one time to her?

He was a little startled however, when he presented himself next day. She had not thought to see him again till he should come with his wife, and he felt her sudden coldness chill through all his warm and eager veins.

Still, he would not falter now.

"Fay," he began slowly, as one who felt his way through difficulties, "here is the Horace I sent your father from Rome, and here is the letter I wrote to you. The seal has never been broken. Will you read it now?"

She did not touch the letter he held out, but his face could not be whiter when she should be dead.

"That evening," he went on, "when I finished the letter, I gave it, with the book, to my man to post. There were some friends coming with my uncle to dinner. I was excited—eager—for I had asked my uncle Parsival for the vacant clerkship in the branch of his business at Vienna. He had half-promised it—and oh, Fay, Fay, I staked all my future in what I wrote to you."

"Rex, stop!" cried out Fay. "You have no right to say it now—not now."

He did not heed her—his lips twisted into a ghastly sort of smile.

"The man made a mistake. He sent the parcels together under cover to my mother. She was in the city then, and the packet, coming to her address here, was thrown by the servants into a closet. I found it there yesterday—never once disturbed since it came. Fay, will you read that letter now?"

With a sudden tender cry the girl caught his hand and kissed it.

"Rex, Rex, I understand now. I know! but it is too late. Burn the letter, dear Rex: let it die yonder in the flames!"

She kissed his trembling hand once more. Alas! it was wet when she lifted her face with those salt, sad tears.

"Dear Rex, burn the letter."

"Not so!" spoke a low, clear voice behind them. "Keep the letter and read it. There is no need to burn it now!"

They started round, guilty and yet so innocent, and saw standing in the doorway a woman's slight figure, tall, and draped from head to foot in black. Two dark, sad eyes looked out at them from beneath a silken hood.

"Julia," cried out Rex, "you here?"

There was no smile on this woman's face—she who was to be a bride in four days—as she answered:

"Did you think me so insatiable that I would ask such a sacrifice of you?" she said. "Did you once fancy I would accept it? But I forgot. I was not to know. You might have trusted me."

Rex hung his head.

"I don't know," he said, at last. "The doubt with me was what to do right. I am like a man bound in chains."

"You shall be free," said Julia, coldly.

"No, no!" cried Rex. "I did not mean that!" But he did not look at her, and her sad, set face grew sadder yet.

"If I love thee, what is that to thee?" she repeated, in a low voice, as if communing with her own thoughts. "You are free, now, Rex. Be happy as you would have been had not this happened."

"With a great, sudden cry, Fay ran out of the room. She felt that it was more than she could bear. She went to the garden, and, with a sort of fierce energy, paced up and down the walk. Over and over she repeated to herself that nothing should be changed because of her. Suddenly, as she stood there, white, trembling, doubting, she heard footsteps. She turned and confronted the woman who, a little half hour ago, had renounced the marriage vow that had all but left her lips—renounced love, renounced happiness.

She stopped short and looked in Fay's pale, yearning face.

"You take my place," she spoke, a little bitterly. "Make him happy."

"I will not—I will not!" cried out Fay. "Did you think I would? Oh, how you must despise us!"

"You have done me no wrong; that was to come, perhaps."

She gazed steadfastly forward. Then her eyes softened.

"If you think I have any right, because of sorrow, to demand aught of you, then listen. I impose this upon you: Make Rex a good wife, even as I would have been, and be happy, you two!"

"Dear saint!" sobbed Fay, her face buried in her hands. Then she broke out wildly. "It is not right—it is not right! Rex will not—he will stand by his word to you!"

Julia looked at her searchingly, sadly; a long, strange, wistful look.

"Where is the difference?" she said, at length. "We are both of us young. You have beauty; so have I, too, men say. We both have health and strength. I have money which you have not. Yet, you win the man whom we both of us love. He chooses you. Why is it? What have you that I have not?" Fay clasped her hands imploringly.

"You are better than I," she sobbed. "You are nobler, higher, stronger!"

A strange light came into the other woman's eyes. She stooped and kissed the lifted forehead of the girl her lover preferred to her.

"If I love thee, what is that to thee?" she repeated, once more, in that strange voice. Then she turned and walked rapidly away, but Fay saw that tears were running over her cheeks. A tall, black figure going out along the fields in a gloom that its own shadow helped to make.

"O, God in heaven, for ever bless her!" Fay prayed—"the best of women, the noblest, the purest, going her sad way alone."

So Rex came back to Fay: they were happy once more in the old, bright fashion, although it was deep in the Winter days when the two were married. Fay would not take up her happiness at once. It was too sacred.

She felt, too, that amid the blossoms strewn along her path were the traces of scarred footsteps where a martyr once had walked.

On their wedding night they stood at the great upper window, and together looked out across the white, cold world.

Was that white snow any whiter than their young unspotted love? And when Spring should come all out those would be clad with warmth and cheerful colors, with all the sweetness of strong leaping life. Everything would live again, Fay thought—live in bright, joyous life. Thank God for that. Thank God that in His world there is no death.

"Nor can our love ever die," she said, softly, turning to her husband.

He kissed her with reverent touch.

"I thank God for thee, my wife!"

## "GUILTY, AS INDICTED."

THE JURY'S VERDICT ON THE PRESIDENT'S ASSASSIN.

EX-JUDGE PORTER began the final address to the jury in the Guiteau case on Monday morning, January 23d, and concluded on Wednesday afternoon following. Speaking with great clearness and emphasis, notwithstanding the ill condition of health with which he struggled, he riveted the attention of judge, jury and a large audience upon himself and the views held by the prosecution. Under his plain language, his forcible manner and his downright earnestness, the assassin winced and trembled. Constantly interrupted by outrageous ejaculations from the dock, at times he passed them without notice, and at times he used them to bring out in a stronger light the villainy of the prisoner. Just before concluding, Guiteau undertook, in a manner of levity, to keep up a running commentary on the points in the address, indulging in such choice outbursts as "God Almighty! I'll curse you, Porter!" "God Almighty will revenge my death!" "This nation will roll in blood if a hair of my head is harmed!" "That man, Porter, will be ahead of the crowd down below," and, when exasperated almost beyond endurance, "A saint from heaven could not stand it to be abused by this man, Porter, and I can't stand it!"

After the recess on Wednesday, on resuming his address, Mr. Porter was met by constant interruptions and virulent remarks from the prisoner. At times it was a regular duet between counsel and prisoner, both of them speaking at the same time. Mr. Porter quoted from some scenes in "Othello," between Iago and Roderigo, in order to show that the prisoner had found in Shakespeare the idea of softening down the word murder into "removal," but the prisoner repeatedly denied that he had ever consulted Shakespeare on the subject. Almost every other sentence that was uttered by Mr. Porter was replied to by the prisoner, until, finally, Mr. Porter proceeded to close his argument, which he did as follows:

"Gentlemen, the time has come when I must close. The Government has presented its case before you, and we have endeavored to discharge our duty to the best of our abilities; his Honor has endeavored to discharge his; I know that you will be faithful to your oaths and discharge yours—so discharge it that by your action at least political assassination shall find no sanction to make it a precedent hereafter. He who has ordained that human life shall be shielded by human law from human crime presides over your deliberations; and the verdict which shall be given or withheld to-day will be recorded where we all have to appear. I trust that that verdict will be prompt, that it will represent the majesty of the law, your integrity and the honor of the country; and that this trial, which has so deeply interested all the nations of the earth, may result in a warning, to reach all lands, that political murder shall not be used as a means of promoting party ends or political revolutions. I trust, also, that the time will come, in consequence of the attention that shall be called to the considerations growing out of this trial, when, by an international arrangement between the various Governments, the law shall be so strengthened that political assassins shall find no refuge on the face of the earth."

Mr. Porter sat down amid a burst of applause, which was promptly suppressed.

At 3:15 P. M., Judge Cox began his charge to the jury. In the most minute manner he touched on the question of malice, the "reasonable doubt," the degree of responsibility, the evidence as to the murder, the border-line of sanity, the notorious "inspiration" theory, the prisoner's own reasons for the crime, the condition of the prisoner's mind, the "irresistible pressure" and the points raised by the defense and the prosecution.

In conclusion he said: "From the materials presented to you, two pictures have been drawn to you by counsel. The one represents a youth of more than average mental endowments, surrounded by certain immoral influences at the time his character was being developed, commencing life without resources, but developing a vicious sharpness and cunning; conceiving 'enterprises of great pitch and moment' that indicated unusual forecast, although beyond his resources; consumed all the time by unsated egotism and a craving for notoriety; violent in temper, selfish, immoral and dishonest; leading a life of hypocrisy, swindling and fraud, and finally, as a culmination of his depraved career, working himself into the resolution of starting the world with a crime which would secure him a bad eminence. The other represented a youth born, as it were, under malign influences—the child of a diseased mother and of a father subject to insane delusions; reared in retirement and imbued with fanatical religious views; subsequently his mind filled with fanatical theories; launched on the world with no guidance save his own impulses; evincing incapacity for any continuous employment; changing from one pursuit to another—now as a lawyer, now a religionist, and now a politician, unsuccessful in all; full of wild, impracticable schemes for which he had neither resources nor ability; subject to delusions; his mind incoherent and incompetent of reasoning coherently on any subject; with a mind so weak and a temper so impressionable that he became deranged and was therefore impelled to the commission of a crime, the seriousness of which he could not understand."

It is for you, gentlemen, to determine which of the portraits is the true one."

At 4:40 the jury retired. After the jury had been out about twenty minutes a recess was taken until 5:30 P. M. Many of the audience who had virtually been imprisoned since 9:30 A. M. availed themselves of the opportunity to obtain fresh air and lunch. Guiteau had been allowed, soon after the jury left the court-room, to retire to the little room he has occupied since the trial began as a waiting-room during recess. Before leaving the court-room he evinced considerable nervousness, but on getting away to comparative seclusion his usual composure and assurance soon returned to him.

Within half an hour the jury had agreed upon a verdict, but they remained in their room until the Court reassembled.

The rumor that the jury had agreed was quickly spread from one to another, and the excited crowd surged back into the court-room and with eager expectancy awaited what all seemed to expect—a verdict of guilty. The musty, antique room is devoid of gas, and the score or more of candles which had been placed upon the desks of the judge, counsel and reporters, imparted a weird and unnatural aspect to the grim old place. First came the prisoner, with quick, nervous step. As he seated himself in the dock, perhaps for the last time, the light of a solitary candle fell full upon his face and disclosed more than usual pallor. Not a tremor of the limbs or a movement of the muscles of the face was observable as he threw back his head and fixed his gaze upon the door through which the jury were to enter. Judge Cox soon afterwards took his seat, the Clerk called "Order!" and the jury at 5:35 P. M. filed slowly into their seats.

"Gentlemen of the jury, have you agreed upon your verdict?" said the clerk of the court.

"We have," responded the gray-haired Foreman Hamlin, leaning upon his gold-headed cane. In the silence which followed the foreman's first answer, the clear tones of the clerk sounded with impressive distinctness as he inquired: "What say you—is the defendant guilty or not guilty?"

"Guilty, as indicted," said Hamlin, in his solemn manner, amid the stamping of feet and clapping of hands. A few hisses were audible in the applause.

As it began, only a few though, and they were soon drowned in the chorus of approval which swelled until it was beyond the control of the marshal, who, standing in the witness-box, shouted "Silence!" until he was hoarse, and of the echoing deputy marshals and bailiffs throughout the court-room.

Only one man, and that man the most deeply interested, seemed imperturbable. Sitting on an armless wooden chair in the narrow dock, his repulsive, wolfish face grotesquely illumined by a tall candle in a tin can suspended on the broad railing of the dock, the felon made no movement and uttered no sound.

"Let the jury be polled," said Mr. Scoville, when the applause had been suppressed.

"Let the verdict be recorded first," said Mr. Corbitt, who had been standing ever since the jury came in. Clerk Williams resumed his seat, wrote in the minutes of the court under the title, "United States versus Charles J. Guiteau. Verdict—guilty as indicted."

"Now," said Mr. Scoville, when the clerk had finished, "let the jury be polled, if your Honor please."

"Yes," said Judge Cox, "poll the jury."

The clerk stood up again and called the roll of the jury. To each man he propounded the question: "What say you—is the defendant guilty, or not guilty?" To this the foreman first replied, "Guilty." Then one by one the other jurors—Brandenburg, Bright, Stewart, Langley, Sheehan, Prather, Hobbs, Browner, Wormley, Heinlein and Gates—rose in their places and responded "Guilty!" Hobbs, who went home to a wifeless house, was the only one whose utterance was at all indistinct. Bright and Wormley, the colored jurors, who were to have "hung" the jury, gave their concurrence louder and clearer than the others.

As the last name was called Guiteau shrieked: "My blood will be upon the heads of that jury, and don't you forget it!"

Mr. Scoville again addressed the jury, saying: "Your Honor, I do not desire to forfeit any rights I may have under the law and practice in this district. If there is anything that I ought to do now to save those rights I would be indebted to your Honor to indicate it to me."

Judge Cox, in reply, assured him that he should have every opportunity; that the charge would be furnished to him in print on the following day, and he would be accorded all the time allowed by law within which to file his exceptions, and that he would also be entitled to four days within which to move in arrest of judgment.

Guiteau, who, from the moment Judge Cox began the delivery of his charge, had dropped completely his air of flippant arrogance and sat with rigid features and compressed lips, called out in tones of desperation: "God will avenge this outrage."

Judge Cox then turned to the jury and said: "Gentlemen of the jury, I cannot express too many thanks for the manner in which you have discharged your duty. You have richly merited the thanks of your countrymen, and I feel assured you will take with you to your homes the approval of your conscience. With thanks, gentlemen of the jury, I dismiss you."

Mr. Scoville immediately began preparing affidavits on which to base a motion for a new trial.

## THE LATE COLD SNAP IN NEW YORK.

THE recent cold snap was indeed a snapper. New Yorkers had given up all idea of having a Winter this year, and were ridiculing the cautious people who wagged their heads, saying, "Wait a while," when the blizzard pounced upon Gotham, and, clutching its citizens in its frosty vise, held them for forty-eight hours just as if playfully to show its powers, and for the purpose of maintaining its dreaded prestige. A shavering wind, that cut through ulster, overcoat, blanket and spread, whistled round street-corners, causing those compelled to meet it to groan inwardly. Around Hudson's thermometer on Broadway, a frozen but curious crowd shivered and shivered while they ascertained beyond yes or nay the exact state of the temperature. The acquisition of this knowledge gave them the coldest of comfort, and they shuffled on their way, muttering, "Zero, by—!" the full-flavored word freezing to the mustache. The pinched boys who earn a precarious livelihood by the sale of the five-o'clock edition of the evening papers were in a pitiable plight. Clad in Summer raiment, supplemented by bits of carpet, sacking, and in more than one instance newspapers, these poor little speculators found the heartiness of boyhood frozen out in them, and the "break-down" or the "sailor's hornpipe," performed in order to maintain circulation by the daring of the gathering, failed to elicit so much as a passing comment. When the wagon bearing the five-o'clock edition appeared in sight, not a few were unable to fly to meet it; and even when the papers were dealt out, so benumbed were the purple fists that the money almost burned, and they were scarcely able to hold the merchandise about to be offered for sale, and upon the "exploiting" of which depended supper and bed. The rivers around Gotham presented a strange and unusual appearance, from the fact of the tide having sunk so low that the vessels at the docks were all awry, and the ferry-boats, unable to reach their landings, were gangwayed at so acute an angle as to require relays of dock-hands to aid in hauling up or letting down their thousands of passengers. Never was so low a tide in the memory of the most ancient mariner. Up the river steamed lordly ships, their bows, masts and rigging literally incased in a white coat of mail that glistened like electric light in the brazen sunshine. Beautiful they were, and seemingly belonging to another and unknown world, as weird-like and

silent they glided onwards, the snowy vapor waving like ghostly plumes as it ascended from the gigantic icicles—the smoke-stack. The cold was intense, but it passed away, but that his Blizzardship may again visit us is very dismally apprehended.

## The "Sisters of the Stranger."

THE "Sisters of the Stranger," of New York City, are doing an excellent work. The report presented at the annual meeting recently, showed that in the past year these ladies have given aid to 753 persons, 320 of whom were Americans and 433 foreigners; that 492 new garments were distributed through their Dorcas Committee, and cast-off clothing, the estimated value of which was \$3.00. The money disbursements amounted to \$2,787.07. Of this amount \$813.85 were special donations through the Rev. Dr. Deems for the support of a Rest for Convalescent Men. This branch of the work was begun about a year ago and has made encouraging progress. With their limited means, the Sisters have managed to care for 86 men during the year. To these 153½ weeks' board was given; average not quite two weeks for each man. Average cost for each man, \$9.46. At the close of the year the balance in the treasury for this work was forty-nine cents. Money is needed and should be furnished cheerfully. All donations for the Convalescent Rest should be sent to the Rev. Dr. Deems; those for general work to the "Sisters of the Stranger," 4 Winthrop Place, New York City.

## Statistics of Insanity.

At a recent meeting of the National Association for the Protection of the Insane, Dr. C. F. Dana read a paper in which he stated that there are now in the country 63,000 insane persons, which gives a ratio of 1 to 779 or 1 to 800 of the population. Large as this seems it is much less than that of many European countries. In England, for instance, the ratio is not far from 1 to 350 of the population. The nearest approach to that here is in Massachusetts, where the ratio had been 1 to 400. In 1881 there were 74 State asylums, and 14 private asylums in this country, with a capacity for 31,300 persons, but holding 39,145. At a low estimate the asylums were overcrowded by 10,000 people, while there were 24,000 who were not in asylums at all. Nearly \$10,000,000 are invested in these asylums, the average cost of each building being half a million. It takes about \$7,000,000 a year to run them, or \$82,000 for each institution. If the interest were added, the total annual expenditure for the cure of the insane would amount to \$12,000,000. Superintendents of asylums all over the country are crying for more room. The lack of sufficient employment and amusement are evils that exist in a large number of institutions.

## An Important Ecclesiastical Decision.

AN important constitutional question, which has occupied the courts in the Dominion for four years, was finally decided on the 20th ult. by the legal chamber of the House of Lords, in London. About five years ago there was a union of all the Presbyterian organizations in Canada, under the name of the Presbyterian Church of Canada. Half a dozen congregations, in direct alliance with the old Kirk of Scotland, refused to join the alliance, and claimed a temporalities fund of \$500,000, from which the ministers' stipends were augmented for their own use, as the only legal successors of the body entitled to the fund.

The union of churches was ratified by special acts of the Legislature of each province in the Dominion. The case was taken through all the various courts in Canada, and was decided in favor of the united band. But in all the Dominion courts of appeal there was a strong dissenting minority of Judges. The English Supreme Tribunal has reversed the judgments of the Canadian Courts on the ground that the acts of the local Legislature were unconstitutional, a federal Parliament only having power to ratify the action that had been taken. The judgment carries costs, which will exceed \$20,000.

The judgment will cause great excitement, especially in ecclesiastical circles throughout the Dominion.

## Co-operation in Germany.

HERR SCHULZE-DELITZSCH, the well-known political economist, has published his annual report upon the co-operative movement in Germany, and he states that at the end of last year there existed 3,250 associations, of which 1,895 were loan or credit societies, people's banks, etc.; 674 industrial societies, 645 stores for the sale of goods, and 36 building societies. So far as the two last categories are concerned there has been a considerable reduction, as they numbered 942 and 46 at the end of the previous year. This list does not comprise several agricultural associations for making advances to small farmers, and about a hundred "stores," which Herr Schulze-Delitzsch considers to be outside the limit of "co-operative." Only 1,144 of these associations have sent in answers to his inquiries; but the figures given by those which have done so show that they number about 1,100,000 members, or nearly 1,000 members each, and that they have a share capital—mostly derived from the savings of their members—of more than \$45,000,000, the deposits reaching \$100,000,000, and the amount of business transacted by them during the year being estimated at \$500,000,000. According to Herr Schulze-Delitzsch, the people's banks do the best business, and are the most profitable to their shareholders, the losses being only in the proportion of one in 1,541, while next to them come the co-operative stores, the general tenor of the report showing that the industrial associations do not do very well.

## How Russia is Governed.

THE governing forces of Russia are very imperfectly understood in this country. Among these governing bodies is, in the first place, the Council of State. Composed of the highest dignitaries of the Empire, all appointed by the Czar, this body plays the rôle of a Legislature. It is supposed that all the laws of the country are framed by it, but, in fact, nothing of the kind ever takes place. The Council is not an assembly of legislators; it is rather an asylum for the ex-ministers and ex-generals who, through age and infirmities, have become unfit for active service. If, perchance, an energetic and ambitious person enters this decrepit Council he may easily acquire a great influence. Then comes the Governing Senate, the highest judicial tribunal in Russia. When he created the Senate, Peter the Great left at its disposal the Imperial Crown itself. But, as the Senators were not elected but appointed by the Czar, they naturally became the obedient tools of the Administration, and soon lost all political power. Now the Senate is nothing but a mere wheel in the complicated bureaucratic machine. His Majesty's own Chancellery, formerly composed of the four Sections, must not be overlooked. It is true, the Chancellery has lost its prestige (and most of its odium) since the abolition of the Third Section—the Russian Inquisition. But its dreadful power may be resurrected at any time, though perhaps in a new shape. The Chief of the State police naturally becomes the master of the Czar, and, therefore, he stands above the laws of the country. The Minister of the Interior is at present the Chief of the State police, and, therefore, the minor Czar—that is, the real ruler of the coun-

try. The Committee of Ministers has absorbed the powers both of the Council and of the Senate. As the Ministers are irresponsible, each of them is a real autocrat in his own branch of the Government. And as there are no well-defined limits between the different branches, there is no end of collisions and wars in the Administration, and there is no adequate authority to settle rival ministerial pretensions. The Czar, Council, Senate and Ministers can merely issue ukases and orders, whereas the judgment of the ukases and orders is the special function of a strong and well-organized body called the bureaucracy. The Russian bureaucracy is an omnipotent, ubiquitous, omniscient institution. In the Czar's country nothing can be done without the bureaucratic machine, and everything is done in the way prescribed by the machine. The bureaucrats form a caste by themselves, and no individual Minister or Czar can change the traditions and character of this caste.

## PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

### At the Markets During the Holidays, Paris.

If the toy merchants, the confectioners and the florists presented a brilliant aspect during the last days of the expiring year, nothing could be more picturesque than the Central Markets during the same period, and particularly on Christmas Eve. The measureless quantity of food, which at first blocks the main avenues of the gigantic Central Market, is after a while classified and put in stages, and then arranged in little shops with a view to the picturesque as well as to the display. Turkeys here, chickens there, pheasants, partridges, hares, rabbits, form long uninterupted lines and monumental pyramids, such as to bewilder Gargantua's eyes could he be resuscitated in order to witness these wondrous results of a *battue* of five thousand guns. It is often asked how Paris can each day feed her millions of hungry mouths. A glance at the Central Market, and the problem is solved.

### The Pyramid of Meydoom.

Our illustration represents the Pyramid of Meydoom, the entrance to which was discovered by Professor G. Maspero, on Tuesday, December 13th, 1881. The village, Pyramid, and Necropolis of Meydoom are situated between thirty-five and forty miles south of Cairo, on the western bank of the Nile, and about four miles inland from the river. The village of Meydoom, built high on a rubbish-mound of unknown antiquity, occupies the site of the ancient City of Meton, and perpetuates its name. The City of Meton is found mentioned in various inscriptions of the Third Dynasty; and the Pyramid upon which the attention of travelers and archaeologists is at this moment centered, is supposed to be the sepulchre of Seneferoo, the last king of that Dynasty, and the immediate predecessor of Koofoo (Cheops), first king of the Fourth Dynasty, the builder of the Great Pyramid of Gheezeh. The surrounding Necropolis abounds in tombs of the Third Dynasty, the latest of which are chiefly those of "royal relatives" and nobles of the Court of Seneferoo.

### Spanish Government Factory of Cannon and Firearms at Trubia.

The great ordinance foundries and armories established by the Spanish Government in the Trubia suburb of the ancient city of Oviedo, show that the rulers of the Peninsula are fully aware of the necessity of equipping land and naval forces with the very best and most improved *armes de précision*. These, in the hands of military ability and strategy, are to decide the future wars. The great factories are in the ancient province of Asturias, near the Bay of Biscay, and near the rich mineral deposits which, from the days of Rome and Carthage, made Spain famous for her weapons. The works are fitted up with all modern appliances, and the arms produced are of high finish and great excellence.

### The English Princes at Fiji.

The detached squadron, with which Princes Edward and Albert Victor are serving, arrived at Levuka, Fiji, on Saturday, September 2d, and on the following Monday the young princes landed, and were welcomed by the natives, with Takombau at their head. After that chief had made a little speech, and had presented the whale's tooth (the Fijian sign of greeting) the "kava" (a drink prepared by chewing the kava root) was drunk. Prince Edward, we are told, consumed his portion with a deliberative air, while his brother tossed his bowl off quite merrily, and then the dances and feasting began. The governor, admiral and the princes, and Takombau and the principal chiefs, sat on mats laid on the lawn, and the feast of cooked vegetables, coconuts, and a baked cow or so having been received with the usual hand clappings, gruntings, and shoutings, the dancing took place. In the foreground are the gifts, composed of turtles, yams, beef, fowls, bananas. The war dances were exceedingly picturesque, and were very well performed, the music being furnished by a native band, who played upon instruments formed of hollow pieces of bamboo, which they thumped on the ground. The second illustration has for its subject the son of the abdicated king presenting the bowl of kava to their royal highnesses, which ceremony is considered the most sacred of Fijian customs. While the kava is being prepared by a native skilled in the art, the whole tribe to which he belongs chant an incantation, accompanying it with a graceful, swaying motion of the body and arms. The festivities continued an entire week.

### A Curious Scene on Mr. Parnell's Farm.

On Thursday, December 15th, a great Land League demonstration took place at Rathdrum, County Wicklow, for the purpose of plowing and manuring Mr. Parnell's land. One hundred and eighty-three plows and five hundred carts were engaged in the operations on his estate, which is called Avonville, and is situated a few miles above the celebrated Vale of Avoca. The manure was drawn from Avonmore House (Mr. Parnell's residence) to Garrymore, nearly three miles distant. Horses, plows and men were decorated with laurels and green ribbons. Mr. Corbet, M. P., and Mr. Redmond, M. P., were present, and Mr. H. George, an American political economist. About three thousand people were congregated on the grounds. An essay, labeled "The Last Laddard," was paraded over the grounds in a dung-cart. After the completion of the work the assemblage was addressed by Mr. Corbet and Mr. Redmond from a wagonette. All went off quietly, and only two or three police were to be seen.

### Distribution of Waste Fish in London.

Proportionally to the consumption, there is probably less waste of perishable food than there used to be years ago, when imported ice and refrigerating processes were unknown luxuries. Still a period arrives to every piece of fruit, fish, flesh and vegetable when it becomes practically unsaleable; and, on the principle of the "ill wind," this fact is rather an agreeable one for very poor people. Shopkeepers of considerable disposition, rather than keep that which at the present moment (that is, just as they are closing their shops) is still saleable, but which will infallibly become unsaleable before the morrow's marketing can begin, prefer to make a virtue of necessity, and distribute their waste goods to their poorer neighbors. Hence is not unfrequently presented the spectacle of a group of anxious and wan, though youthful faces, round a fishmonger's shop. The epithet "waste" does not imply that the fish is bad now, but that, unless speedily cooked and eaten, it will become so.

## AT HOME AND ABROAD.

—THERE are now 70,000 claims before the Irish Land Court.

—THE Riddleberger Debt Bill has passed the Virginia Senate.

—THREE thousand French troops are said to have died in Tunisia.

—THE National Council have decided to transform the Swiss Consulate at Washington into a Legation.

—A PHILADELPHIA doctor has been fined \$50 for not reporting a case of smallpox which proved fatal.

—IT is said the Dominion Parliament contemplates striking off the duties on tea and coffee at an early date.

—THE population of Chicago, according to the latest statistics, is about 630,000, an increase of 125,000 since the census of 1880 was taken.

—COMMISSIONER LORING asks \$100,000 for collecting and distributing monthly crop reports. Last year the appropriation for this purpose was \$10,000.

—AN understanding has been reached between Russia and Turkey by which the Porte is to pay \$2,000,000 annually on account of the war indemnity.

—THE American Society of the Red Cross has been formed, and earnest appeals are making to induce Congress to adopt the articles of the Convention of Geneva.

—THE Grangers at Effingham, Darlington County, S. C., have refitted the public school, and furnished it handsomely, and are running the institution themselves.

—THE Senate has passed a Bill granting to Mrs. Lincoln \$15,000 in cash for pension arrears, and a pension of \$5,000 per annum in lieu of her present pension of \$3,000.

—A BILL has been introduced in the Virginia Senate making "violation of sepulchre" punishable by confinement in the penitentiary for not less than five nor more than ten years.

—THE German Government has presented in the Landtag a Bill providing for buying up six private railways at a cost of \$77,000,000 marks, mostly payable in Treasury bonds.

—IT is understood that the project of a ship-canal across Cape Cod has been abandoned, recent surveys showing that the cost would be \$1,000,000 more than was expected.

—ARRANGEMENTS are making for a National Mining Exposition at Denver, Colorado. The exposition is to be held next August, and exhibits are expected from all parts of the world.

—THE dairy interest is beginning to develop in Nebraska. Several large creameries and cheese factories have been established during the past year, and others will be started in the Spring.

—A BILL to prohibit public funerals of executed criminals has been introduced in the New Jersey House of Assembly. A member has also introduced a Bill providing for a whipping post for the punishment of wife-beaters.

—THE Home Rule Confederation of Great Britain has been merged in the Land League. The remainder of the prisoners charged with complicity with Connell's gang of outlaws have been remanded until the Spring assizes.

—THE United States Senate Committee on Military Affairs has reported a Bill appropriating \$20,000 for a monument on the battlefield of Monmouth on condition that a like sum shall be contributed by the State of New Jersey.

—THE judges at the Atlanta Exposition awarded the prize of \$1,000 for the best bale of cotton grown in the United States in 1891 to a bale raised by Thomas Compton, a planter living near Batesville, Panola County, Miss.

—By the will of the late Lewis H. Morgan, of Rochester, his estate, valued at \$100,000, is left to his widow and son for their use during life, after which it goes to the Rochester University and is to be spent in establishing a co-ordinate college for women.

—THE number of failures in England for the first week of the present year shows a marked decline. For the year 1890 it was 270; for 1891, 210, and for this year 180, the greater number of the latter being in the grocery and provision trades, next to them coming the building trades.

—THE new bridge across the Hudson River, from Albany to Greenvale, was opened to the public on January 24th, with appropriate ceremonies. The entire cost of the bridge, exclusive of land damages, was \$1,000,000, and the whole structure was built in the remarkably brief period of eight months.

—MR. WARNER, of Tennessee, has introduced in the House a Bill to reduce the salaries of heads of departments. It fixes salaries as follows: "President, \$30,000; members of Congress, \$4,000; heads of departments, \$7,000; Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court, \$9,500, and Associate Justices, \$9,000."

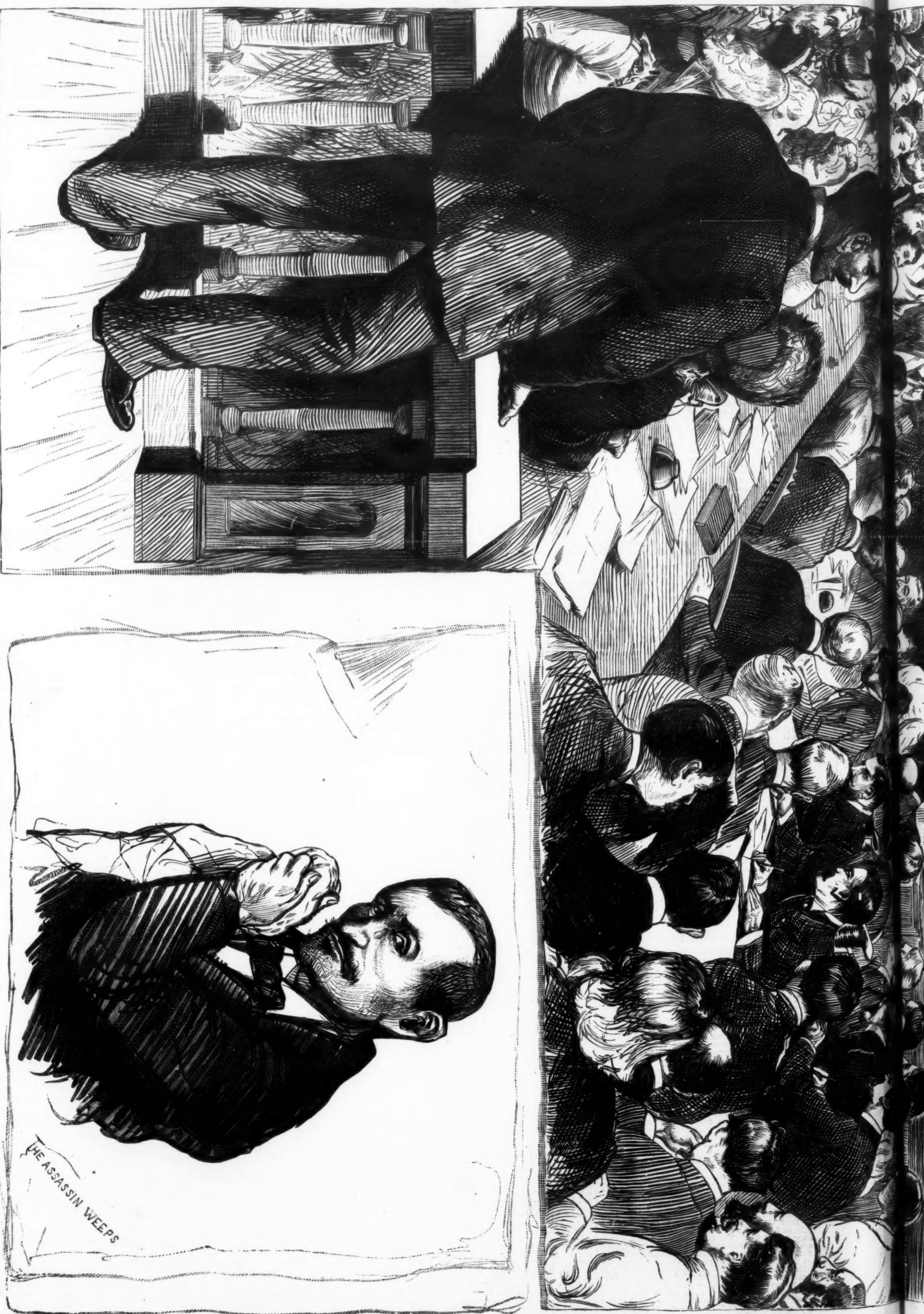
—BALTIMORE has a total debt of \$36,386,191. Of this amount interest is provided and paid on about \$15,000,000 by various railroads and corporations on money loaned to them. The sinking fund amounts to \$8,000,000, leaving a debt of a little over \$6,000,000, interest on which the city has to provide for by taxation.

—LORD LORNE condemns strongly the practice of permitting Canadian emigration agents in England to send settlers to Canada via United States ports. He says many persons intending to settle in the Dominion are induced to remain in the United States; and he vigorously asserts the necessity of landing emigrants for Canada at Canadian ports.

—THE Board of City Trusts of Philadelphia having decided that there is nothing in the will of the late Stephen Girard to prevent the establishment of a mechanical department in Girard College, the sum of \$5,000 has been appropriated to test the project practically. If the trial is satisfactory, funds will be provided to continue the department.

—THE corner-stone of the new Cotton Exchange Building in New Orleans was laid on January 23d with appropriate ceremonies, in the presence of the City, State and Federal officers, representatives of foreign Governments and commercial institutions, and a large concourse of citizens. The new building will cost about \$350,000, and, it is believed, will be the handsomest in the city.

—THE total valuation of the taxable realty and personality in New Jersey is \$627,451,222. This is an increase of \$9,545,947 over the returns of 1890 in 20 of the 21 counties. Only two of the counties show a declining valuation. Deducting these, the net increase in the values is \$8,833,703. A very noticeable feature of the returns is the fact that there has been no apparent increase in the wealth of the State since 1860. The valuations grew steadily in proportion until 1874, when the figures representing the rates reached their maximum point, \$619,057,903. Then there was a decline until 1878. Since that year the amount has increased, but not to any very large extent.



JUDGE COX CHARGING THE JURY, ON THE AFTERNOON OF JANUARY 25TH.  
INCIDENTS OF THE TRIAL OF PRESIDENT GARFIELD'S ASSASSIN.—FROM SKETCHES BY A STAFF ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 414.



THE ASSASSIN WEEPS

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.



## FATE.

FOLDING one's hands—to wait.  
God gives no harder task than this—  
To watch the turning of Fate,  
Whose law is His:

To sit upon the shore  
And see the great bark set their sails and go  
Far past the rolling breakers' flash and roar,  
Out where the trade-winds blow:

To see the great life there,  
One endless rhythm of sound and strife;  
To seek and to attain, to win and wear,  
The law of each man's life.

And still to sit alone,  
And year by year count from the same low shore  
The rolling waves, and watch the seaweed strewn,  
And gather shells—no more!

This is the hardest fate—  
This is the saddest pain that hearts can know;  
The dull, cold pressure of Life's iron weight,  
As from the sad shore, dumb and desolate,  
We watch Life's ebb and flow!

## A CLOUDED NAME.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MARJORIE'S TRIALS."

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

"COME in!" called Feena's voice, in answer to Geordie's knock at her door.

"Where are you?" asked Geordie, stumbling in in the half darkness.

"Here"—from the hearthrug. "Take care of the tea table and the footstool. Stay—I will stir up the fire. Now, you dear old blunderer"—unwinding a knitted Afghan and a yard or two of crimson cloud from about his legs—"let me unbother you."

"What are you doing in the dark?" asked Geordie. "Are you dressed?"

"Yes. I dressed in good time. I have no maid here, you know: Sophy is with Janet. Lady Drummond sends her to me, so I have to get my own affairs out of the way early."

"And then you sit down and mope in the dark. What a howling swell you are, Fee!"—as Feena lighted the candles. "What have you done to yourself?"—looking admiringly at her. "That get up is awfully jolly! And your eyes, and your hair! I never thought you half so pretty before. She was right"—with a sudden fall of face and voice.

"Thank you, sir," said Feena, making a little courtesy. "And who may the 'she' be who honors me with her gracious approval, and who has improved your taste apparently?"

Geordie had thrown himself down into a lounging chair, and bent his head, so that Feena could not see his face as he looked from her into the fire. He did not answer her question; and something in the forlorn, depressed droop of the tall figure gave the quick-witted little sister a sudden inkling of the truth.

"Geordie," she said, softly, sitting down again in her old place on the rug and nestling against his knee, "I can guess who your 'she' is. It's a good sign when 'she' approves of your belongings. 'Love me, love my dog,' you know. It seems to me that you are making progress."

"She—she has refused me," confessed Geordie, bluntly, with a groan.

"She hasn't?" cried Feena, indignantly. "It is true," said Geordie.

"Nonsense! She doesn't mean it," said Feena. "She holds back that she may advance with a better grace. Did you expect her to surrender at the first shot? You men are so conceited!"

"No," said Geordie, "it is final. I was too late in the field. Some other fellow—hang him!—has made the running before me, whilst I was living in a fool's paradise and flattering myself that she was beginning to care for me a little bit."

"Poor old Geordie!" whispered Feena, softly. "She has behaved shamefully!"

"She is an angel!" cried Geordie, firing up instantly.

"And the 'other fellow,' who is he?" asked Feena.

"Heaven knows!" answered Geordie. "You don't?"

"No. How could I ask her?"

"You have no idea?"

"No, unless"—with a sudden inspiration—"unless it is Drummond. By George, that is it! It is Drummond; and I—"

"Geordie!" cried Feena, rising to her feet and turning as white as her snowy draperies. "What are you saying? What do you mean?"

"Why, what is the matter?" retorted Geordie, staring blankly at her.

He had risen also. The brother and sister stood looking breathlessly at each other.

"He—she—how can she dare to say it?" cried Feena, presently, with quivering lips.

"She has said nothing about it. Didn't I tell you I never asked her? I only thought he is the only man worth looking at about here, and she sees so much of him," Geordie explained.

"Why, Fee, what is it to you?"

"A good deal," answered Feena, clasping his arm with her trembling fingers, and looking down hard at his sleeve buttons. "Geordie, I was going to tell you that Sir Wilfrid asked me to-day to be his wife."

"Did he really? Then it isn't he, of course. I'm awfully glad!" cried Geordie, momentarily forgetting his own troubles in this exciting information. "Here, you little goose"—feeling how she was trembling—"sit down here"—putting her into his chair—"and tell me all about it. How quickly you have managed it all! Why, you haven't been here three days!"

"You forget," said Feena, smiling and blushing. "we had met before. We were only re-neging acquaintance."

"What did it begin at Cadenabbia? How close you have been! And I!"—reproachfully

"I took you into my confidence from the first!"

"That is quite a different thing," said Feena, reviving sufficiently to laugh. "We women can only speak when we're spoken to, like good children, you know."

"And I never thought of speaking to you about Drummond," said Geordie. "I—do you know, I fancied at Cadenabbia that he was spoony on 'Christie.'"

"Why should you always fancy it must be somebody else?" said Feena, with a pout. "Is it so very impossible to your mind that it should be poor little me?"

"No, not to-night," answered Geordie, looking down admiringly on the glowing little gypsy beauty. "You were always the jolliest, dearest little girl in the world; but to-night you are the prettiest as well."

"Your eyes are opened only to-night," said Feena, saucily; "other people's have been open all the time."

Her brilliant dark eyes were dewy with tears.

"I'm awfully glad!" Geordie repeated. "I can't tell you how glad, Fee. Drummond is a capital fellow. That is why he has been so civil, I suppose. Tell me all about it from the beginning," drawing up a chair close to her. A love story had a special charm for him just then.

"Well, the beginning," said Feena, playing nervously with her bracelet, "was at Cadenabbia. Then came Christie—that is—you know her way."

"Christie's way?" interrupted Geordie, puzzled.

"Yes; her way. Oh, you and papa are glamourised, like the rest! You know nothing about Christie and her ways. Well, she came between—us."

"You were jealous, in fact—that is the English of it," laughed Geordie.

"Yes; that is your English," said Feena, composedly. "Mine is that Christie tried her fascinations on Sir Wilfrid, and I—I believed she had succeeded. I thought that I had been mistaken—that it was Christie after all. I fancied that he was another victim, as blind as—"

"My father and I!" Geordie finished the sentence.

"Yes, and some more. I know all Christie's repertoire by heart. I saw her go through the whole gamut of her fascinations."

"And you retired from the lists?" said Geordie.

"Yes; I left her a clear field."

"And won after all?"

"Don't laugh about it," said Feena, with a perilous quaver in her voice. "Then Lady Drummond asked us all to come here. I hated it! I cannot tell you how I hated it."

"You good little thing!"—stroking her white arm. "You came for me?"

"Yes," said Feena, "I came for you, dear."

"I wondered why you were on your dignity at first," said Geordie. "But you must have known long ago that it wasn't Christie."

"How could I tell? She might have played with him, and thrown him away when she was tired of him, and the game got serious. I have seen her do that sort of thing before," returned Feena.

"Poor Christie! I don't believe a word of it!" cried Geordie. "You women are so viciously down on one another when—"

"When we are jealous," interrupted Feena; "and jealousy is the only possible sentiment between two women—from a masculine point of view—isn't it?"

"It is a sentiment at least very possible, in the circumstances in question," said Geordie, dryly.

"Well, I was jealous, I suppose," admitted Feena; "but it was something else as well, Geordie."

"No doubt. And you are satisfied now it is all right?"

"Yes, there never was for a moment any—He would have told me last year at the lakes what he told me to-day but for my own coldness. He thought I did not care," said Feena, with sweet happy blushes.

"So you misjudged Christie?"

"Not at all; she would have prevented my happiness—if she could. Not that she wanted him particularly, but that she likes to conquer every male creature she meets with. She is insatiable."

"Nonsense, Fee!"

Feena hunched her shoulders.

"Well, we won't discuss the subject further. You wanted to know the whole story, and I have told it to you. And now, dear old boy, about yours. (Can't that come right, too? You know the course of true love never did run smooth. It may be only your little crooked bit now, and it may be got over.")

Feena was too happy not to be sanguine.

"If I only knew who the other man is!" said Geordie, pulling savagely at his short mustache.

"You couldn't shoot him, you know, even then," said Feena.

"No. I wish I could."

"Let me see," said Feena, resting her dimpled chin in her hand and knitting her brows with anxious thought. "It is rather a hopeless affair, considering that your mutual acquaintance is rather limited. Ah," with a start.

Geordie had sprung up and was pacing to and fro, to the imminent risk of the little gypsy tea-table with its egg shell cup and saucer.

"What is it?" he exclaimed, coming close up to his sister.

"I—it was only an idea," answered Feena, hesitating and turning away from Geordie's eager look.

"Give me the benefit of it," said he.

"No—it is scarcely worth while," she answered.

"At all events, you can let me judge of that. An idea is worth something. I haven't the ghost of one left myself," replied Geordie, rubbing his forehead.

Put Feena remained silent. She shivered a little as she knelt down before the fire, holding out her hands to the blaze, and keeping her face still in the shadow.

"Well?" said Geordie, waiting.

"You will be late for dinner," she answered, without turning round. "The dressing-bell rang a long time ago."

"Never mind. Tell me what you meant just now. It is Drummond, after all?"

"No, no!"

"Then who is it? Come, I shan't go till you have told me. What is the matter, Fee? It isn't Drummond, why should you mind?"

"I—Geordie, why do you make me speak? I may be very wrong." But in her heart, as proof after proof crowded on her mind, Feena felt, by a sure instinct, that she was right.

"Tell me," insisted Geordie.

"You know," hesitated Feena, thus pressed. "Miss Verney has only just told you that she knew Mr. Mervyn in Paris. Well, he is the hero of the hour"—hurrying on her words as no sound came from Geordie behind her—"and it seems to me that, if it had been an ordinary acquaintance, she would have spoken before of having met him, when all the world is talking of him, and you are known to be his intimate friend. That would be simply natural, at all events. And to-day, when his name was mentioned on the ice, I remember there was something in her manner—just a shade. I scarcely thought of it at the time, but, now that I look back, it was certainly peculiar. I may be wrong," cried Feena, shrinking from her own conclusion as the ominous silence behind her went to her heart. "It need not be—"

"It is," said Geordie, with a groan, at last. "What a fool I have been! I knew there was some attraction for Mervyn in Paris—he half-confessed it. I thought that it was some Frenchwoman, and that she had thrown him over when he was in trouble. But I see it all now. Of course she listened by the hour to my talk of him; and she cared only for me because I was his chum."

"Poor old Geordie! It was hard on you," sympathized Feena.

"You are awfully sharp, Fee," said Geordie, with a ghost of a pale smile; "you have got to the bottom of it at once. Is it a fellow-feeling which has made you so wise? I suppose it is."

"I wish—I wish I could be all wrong just now," returned Feena, softly resting her head caressingly against his arm as he stood. "She"—with a little show of indignation—"it is a shame, Geordie!"

"She is not to blame," Geordie interposed, quickly. "It is I who have been a blind idiot. I remember the day the news came of that affair in India. There was a dinner-party here, and they were speaking of it. Old Colonel Lowndes dragged up the murder story, and I flashed out and told them that old Mervyn was my best friend. She was sitting just opposite me; she gave me such a look—as if she thanked me for standing up for him. I got Drummond to introduce me afterwards, when we went up into the drawing room. 'Your friend is a hero,' she said, when we talked of him again; and I thanked her. She was half-crying. I thought she was a true woman, ready to be touched by a splendid action like that—sympathetic and all the rest—and I think she is a noble creature all the same."

said poor Geordie. "She has been true to him through all. When the man's confession came out, I went to her and told her. She had shown so much interest, I thought, and I—I was glad of any excuse to be with her, I suppose," he confessed, simply. "I was awfully excited, and so was she. But I never guessed that—"

"How should I?"

"No, how could you?" echoed Feena. "If you had been a woman, you would have scented a rival long ago, but being a man—"

Well, I think every engaged person ought to be labeled for the protection of society."

"She is not engaged. She denied it," corrected Geordie. "It must be that there was an attachment in Paris, and then came all that horrible affair, and no doubt her people interfered, and the thing was broken off. Now that it is all clear—"

Geordie stopped suddenly; he remembered the decisive "I shall never marry him."

"There is something wrong about it," he said, presently, in a perplexed tone.

"Yes," allowed Feena; "there is Christie. She has come between those two, as she came between—us."

"Christie! By George, that is it! She has heard of Christie, and she is—"

"Jealous," suggested Feena, archly.

"I told her about it myself," cried unlucky Geordie. "how Christie nursed him and saved him, and that she has gone out to Mirzapore. I called her his good genius! I have blundered confoundedly! And Christie," with a puzzled look at Feena. "I declare to you that I thought those two Mervyn and Christie, in the Summer, were awfully far gone. I fancied it was almost settled."

"Do you know, Geordie," said Feena, "that I used to think, after his illness at Woodford, when they were so much together, that Christie was really serious at last. There was a difference in her way with him, when she was off her guard and thought herself unobserved," concluded Feena, remembering the scene in the garden. "Oh, Geordie, if they should meet out in India, and if—Miss Verney might be free, Geordie! I could forgive Christie everything if she would only bring that about."

"Feena," exclaimed Geordie, sternly, "do you think I am such a cur? Do you think I would take my happiness at the expense of hers? Heaven bless her! If Mervyn has played her false, even for Christie, then he is no friend of mine from this time forth."

His hand trembled, his ruddy color paled. Feena silenced clung closer to his arm, and pressed her lips to his hand.

"He is so much better than I, my dear old Geordie," she was saying to herself.

The dinner gong boomed out, and startled them both. Geordie hurried to his room. Sir Wilfrid was walking up and down it, filled with impatience.

"I have been waiting here half an hour. Where have you been?" he cried, at sight of him.

"With Feena."

"Then you have heard?"

"Yes, I am heartily glad."

Their hands met in a cordial clasp.

"We must talk it over by-and-by—the gong has sounded!" cried the radiant bridegroom-elect as he hurried away.

Poor Geordie threw boots and brushes, coats and waistcoats, right and left, as he rushed through his toilet.

"It is not for me to envy any man his luck," said he moodily, as he spoilt his third white necktie and tossed it behind him.

"Your brother is looking tired," Lady Drummond said, as she linked her arm in her future daughter-in-law's, when the ladies left the dining-room. "He has done too much on the ice to-day. I saw that he was pushing Estelle Verney's chair for the greater part of the time. She is a lovely girl and very sweet."

"Yes," answered Feena, simply.

"But, my dear," said Lady Drummond, coloring in a soft rose-flush all over her delicate features, "he must not find her too sweet and lovely for his peace of mind. Poor child! She—in fact," hesitated the gentle lady, divided between her respect for Clara Wilmer's confidences and her desire to save honest Geordie from a heartache, "there is a kind of engagement—an attachment. It is not spoken of," she added, hastily, "but—I was her mother's friend. I hope I shall see her happy in good time."

"Thanks, dear Lady Drummond," said Feena. "We had heard something of it."

"Ah, I am glad," returned Lady Drummond, relieved; "but I might have remembered. Of course you would know all about it—your brother's friend! I had forgotten how well you all know Mr. Mervyn."

Lady Drummond colored more pinkly than ever, under the sense of an indiscretion. She had mistaken Mr. Armstrong's friendly sympathy and interest for a warmer and more dangerous feeling. Her warning had been superfluous.

"So I was right!" Feena told herself, as Lady Drummond left her to receive evening guests, who had begun to arrive. "It is Mr. Mervyn. Poor old Geordie! Is he to lose them both together—his love and his friend? I knew there was mischief in the air when that man was brought to Woodford. I felt it in my bones! And Christie is the villain of the plot! Well, I wonder how it will end. I should enjoy to see Christie the victim of her own wiles for once. But, then there is Geordie—my dear old Geordie!"

## CHAPTER XXIX.

LADY ARMSTRONG was in despair. Geordie had exchanged into a fighting regiment, and had actually sailed for India, within a week of Feena's wedding, too. Not even that great event could delay him; no prayers or entreaties, no appeals to his filial tenderness or duty, nothing could hold him back this time. He was inflexible. Sir James had consented, although he looked grave, and had walked with a heavier step ever since.

"The boy must have his way," he said to his wife. "The young ones must live their own lives; we can't force them into the pattern we have chosen to mark out for them—they will choose for themselves. Let him go, dame. If we thwart him, we may ruin him. His heart is set on it."

There was in Geordie's face a sort of grave resolution, a set, unalterable purpose stamped upon his features, which had grown thin and even careworn, an expression so new to the light-hearted genial young soldier that Lady Armstrong cried out that she knew it was a foreshadowing of death—he was doomed. Perhaps Feena knew more than the rest. She cried a good deal, but she would not join in Lady Armstrong's frantic appeals.

"He must do what he thinks to be right, mamma," was all she said.

Geordie gave her a set of dull red garnets, "barbaric gems" as he said, with a flash of his old spirit, suited to her "wild gypsy style," and a locket with his likeness which she valued more; and she clung to him and sobbed out her farewell, and yet no word of what was in the hearts of both brother and sister found its way to their lips.

She thought of him as he stood at the altar in her shimmering white satin robe, with his likeness close to her heart, and for his sake she thought, too, with an access of tender, generous feeling graceful enough in a happy bride, of the girl he had loved. At that moment, so supreme in her own fate, Feena seemed to realize the lonely, sorrowful story of that other life, and with all her heart she wished Geordie godspeed on his noble errand.

Soon to Lady Armstrong's great joy, came the news that the war was over: the serpent had been scotched, not killed and the fierce flame was smothered, to smolder until the next evil wind should fan it into fresh outbreak. Disappointing news it was to greet Geordie and the gallant men who had sailed with him, on their landing. There was no chance of service, after all, for them. The laurels for which they burned had all been reaped.

It was dull, slow work, waiting in hot Madras for orders. Reaction had set in—the dull after the storm—and it was deadly dull. The country was too disturbed for moving about, and it was useless to ask for leave. Geordie for one, fretted and chafed at the forced, inglorious inaction—he who had counted on the mad excitement, the stern forgetfulness of a different scene, to quench the burning pain of a worse wound than any he could meet on the battle-field—he who had come out with a pur-

pose, which this slow, weary delay might render vain. It made him almost mad to think of it.

By and by there was a change; pale bands of heroes fled down from the seat of war, and the languid pulse of the sun-paralyzed city was stirred to welcome them.

"A friend of yours just arrived from Mirzapore," said one of the bailed contingent who had come out with him, meeting Gordie early one morning. "Looks awfully seedy, too. Mervyn, of the —th; the fellow, you know, who—"

"Where? When?" cried Gordie, starting up. "Where is he quartered, I mean?"

(To be continued.)

#### RAILWAY ENTERPRISE IN MEXICO.

It may now almost be said that Mexico is annexed to the United States. She has been subdued by the peaceful invasion of American capital. The country awakened to a desire for commercial and industrial activity and growth to find herself without lines of communication, without capital, and without any organization of her labor forces. The most that she could do to promote her own advancement was to open her doors to the enterprise of others, invite capital in to arouse her labor forces to activity, and give fair guarantees of profit to the undertakings which are to develop her industrial energies. For obvious geographical reasons, railroads are the necessary instrumentality of her industrial and commercial growth. Without them she is nothing, and she has not the means of building them. She has shown evidence of appreciating her needs in the liberal charters which she has lately granted, especially to capitalists of this country. Since the re-establishment of the republic in 1867, over one hundred Acts have been passed by its Congress, or initiated by the President under general legislative sanction, for the encouragement of railroad construction. The various charters, agreements and contracts represent over 15,000 miles of road, for which subsidies amounting to nearly \$200,000,000 were granted. Many of the contracts and concessions were made to the Governors of States for local lines of communication. Some charters have expired by limitation; some have been forfeited for one cause or another, and others will doubtless lapse, but there are several very substantial schemes on foot to which large sums in subsidies have been promised.

One of the most important of these enterprises is the Mexican National, which is constructing a line from the City of Mexico to Laredo, on the Texas frontier. This line is about parallel with the eastern coast of Mexico, and two hundred miles from the Gulf. At Laredo, connections will be made with the great Southwest system of railroads. The company is now operating regular trains southward from Laredo for a distance of twenty-five miles, and the track is laid several miles beyond. Work is thus vigorously prosecuted from both ends of the line. The first locomotive of this line crossed the Rio Grande on the 20th of November last. Laredo, of which we give an illustration, lies opposite Nuevo Laredo in Mexico, and is a bustling town of 2,500 population. Among the principal buildings is an Ursuline Academy or convent.

#### HON. JOHN A. KASSON.

HON. JOHN A. KASSON, one of the Republican leaders in the House of Representatives, was born at Burlington, Vt., January 11th, 1822. He acquired the rudiments of his education in the public schools of his neighborhood, and when twenty years of age was graduated from the University of Vermont. Upon leaving this institution he determined to study law, and pursued a course of reading in Massachusetts; and after being admitted to practice he removed to St. Louis, where he engaged in his profession until 1837, when he settled in Des Moines, Iowa. In the following year he was elected State Director in the organization of the State Bank of Iowa, and in the next year State Commissioner to investigate and report on the condition of the Executive Department of Iowa. About this time he was elected Chairman of the Republican State Committee, and in 1850 he was both a Delegate to the Chicago Convention and the Representative of Iowa on the Platform Committee. Upon the inauguration of President Lincoln, Mr. Kasson was appointed First Assistant Postmaster-General, a position he occupied until the fall of 1862, when he resigned to accept a nomination for Congress, but in the ensuing election was defeated. In 1863 he was appointed United States Commissioner to the International P. & A. Congress, held in Paris. On his return he was elected a member of the Thirty-eighth Congress, and at the close of that was chosen for the Thirty-ninth. In 1867 he visited Great Britain, France, Belgium, Holland, Germany, Switzerland, and Italy, as Commissioner on the part of the United States to negotiate postal connections, and succeeded in inducing all the Governments excepting that of France to sign the preliminary agreements. From 1868 to 1873 he served as a member of the General Assembly of Iowa, and was elected to the Forty-third and Forty-fourth Congresses.

Soon after his accession, President Hayes appointed Mr. Kasson United States Minister to Spain, but on account of the stand he had publicly taken in Congress upon the subject of Spanish atrocities in Cuba, he declined the portfolio, and was then given that of the Austrian mission. Upon his retirement from service in Vienna, he returned home and was elected to the Forty-seventh Congress from his old district. He is a member of the Committee on Ways and Means and on Reform in the Civil Service.

#### THE MALARIAL FLATS OF THE POTOMAC.

THE seat of the Federal Government was fixed by Act of Congress of July 16th, 1790, "on the Potomac, at some place between the mouths of the Eastern Branch and the Connagocheague." Under this Act commissioners were appointed to lay out the site of the new city; but President Washington had discretionary control of the matter, and by a proclamation in January, 1791, he announced that, "after duly examining and weighing the advantages and disadvantages of the several situations within the limits," he had thrown the Federal territory across the Potomac from Alexandria.

The National Capital, which was officially occupied in June, 1800, covers an irregular space some three and a half miles long and a mile and a half wide. It is situated on the angle formed by the junction of the Potomac River, which there runs down from the northwest, and its Eastern Branch, which flows into it from the northeast. Standing on the Potomac front, the visitor looking across the river will see Virginia, Maryland encompassing the other sides of the Federal district. When President John Adams took possession of the unfinished Executive mansion, November, 1800, what is now Pennsylvania Avenue was nearly the entire length of a deep morass, covered with alder-bushes, which were cut through the width of the intended avenue the following winter. General Washington believed the city could be made a great commercial centre, and at one time the Government extended substantial aid to the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal Company, which

proposed a continuation either by dredging the river or cutting a canal through the flats.

Although situated in an amphitheatre of lofty hills near the head of navigation, and, with an opening to the south, winds up the trough of the broad Potomac, the city is favored with a comparatively wild winter climate, while through the Summer it has the reputation of the "hottest hole in the United States." But for years the unhealthy character of Washington in general, and the White House locality in particular, has been a subject of complaint, and various suggestions have been made for the abatement of the nuisance created by the fever-breeding flats of the Potomac. Much of the malarial is said to be caused by the Long Bridge, midway between the two channels of the river; the bridge is a solid causeway, which for fifty years has served as a dam against the silt and soil brought down by the river freshets. Poisonous flats, exposed at low tide, of several hundred acres in extent, have been formed, from which the White House becomes unsuitable for a domicile from June to October. On all sides are to be seen vast undulations of vegetation, evolving their noxious creations to be inhaled by the citizens. Year after year has the Board of Health recommended that as "the disorders arising from this source are so pregnant with evil, the most energetic and vigorous steps should be taken for the abatement of the nuisance," and not infrequently have Bills been introduced into Congress providing for a sanitary improvement that is yet to be begun.

The House Committee on the District of Columbia in the present Congress have gone many steps further than previous committees have, and a well-matured plan for the reclamation of the flats has been presented in the form of a Bill, asking for an appropriation of \$1,000,000. The area to be reclaimed is about 6,000 acres, and the cost will not be more, in the opinion of the committee, than \$40 per acre. The total cost, therefore, is estimated at about \$250,000. It is asserted that the work would pay as a commercial venture, for the land reclaimed will be worth more than the cost of reclamation. Speculators stand ready to do the work and take the land as their pay. The committee opposes any such disposition of the work, and hold that by every consideration of public utility the lands reclaimed should belong to the Government.

#### DESTRUCTION OF THE HARTFORD HIGH SCHOOL.

THE proud and progressive City of Hartford, Conn., was visited by a disastrous conflagration on the morning of January 24th, and its Public High School building was totally destroyed, causing a loss of \$190,000, including the building and its contents. It was erected in 1869, with the addition of a wing in 1877. The school possessed a fine library, a well-appointed laboratory, and astronomical tower. The Hartford High School has long been famous for its scholarly standing, and has supplied Yale, Harvard, Trinity and Princeton with many students. The building is to be rebuilt.

#### In the Wilds of Alaska.

IVAN PETROFF, special agent of the Census Bureau for Alaska, completed his work in the field last September, and has reached Washington. Mr. Petroff is the gentleman who last year made a journey of 8,000 miles in Alaska and among the Aleutian Islands, 2,500 miles of which was through a portion of Alaska never before penetrated by civilized men. This journey was made for the Census Bureau, and was entirely successful. The islands and the western portion of the peninsula of Alaska as far east as Cook's Inlet were examined, and the data required for the census publication were secured.

Mr. Petroff and party made their way with canoes along the northern coast of Cook's Inlet to and around its head, a distance of about 100 miles, and then struck out overland from Prince William's Sound, carrying his canoe and supplies. The region is one of the most inhospitable and repellent on earth. Two large glaciers, one eight and the other fifteen miles wide, were crossed, the passage being one of great difficulty and many dangers. One of these glaciers, the smaller, reached and terminated in the sea; but the other had formed for itself a deep valley in front of the terminal moraines, being of great size.

Prince William's Sound was reached on the 1st of June, at which time the season was so backward that no blade of grass or green thing was to be seen. The ground was frozen so solid that it was difficult to fix the tent-poles in their places. In coasting along the Sound in his canoe, Mr. Petroff passed the face of a glacier twenty miles wide from which large pieces of ice, small bergs in fact, were constantly breaking off and floating out to sea, making passage very perilous. His canoe was in a sinking condition when he reached Nuchek Island. In this place there are two stores, and considerable trade is carried on with the natives for a long distance up and down the coast.

Having completed his preparations, Mr. Petroff started from Nuchek with a crew of four Indians, and a half-breed interpreter, for Copper River, fifty miles distant. He ascended the river to the first village, Alaganok, inhabited by North American Indians. As he landed, however, and before he approached the village, his Indians became alarmed and deserted him in a body. The natives were rejoiced at this state of affairs, and flattered themselves that they would keep the traveler and his stores among them to be preyed upon at their leisure. He sought to hire a crew of Indians to assist him on his journey, but they demanded "a large gold piece every day for each man employed." The boat was a large one, and the Indians fancied it would be impossible for their visitors to escape without help. With his interpreter alone he decided to make the attempt, and when night came they cut loose and floated down-stream. The channel through the delta to the sea was a difficult one, but it was safely passed; and when the coast was reached sails were set for a return to Nuchek. Before reaching the island the boat ran upon sunken rocks and was wrecked. The two men were picked off by natives, who saw them from the shore, but much of their property was lost.

Mr. Petroff now decided to await the arrival of the Kolosh Indians from a distant point on the coast, who usually come once a year to Nuchek with furs to trade for the molasses used in making their favorite intoxicant. He started, accompanied by his interpreter, with a party of Koloshes from a village near Cape Yaktag, and reached their village in safety. Here, however, he found himself a prisoner. The barbarians, like those on the Copper River, fancied they had a prize which it would be a sin to part with. They not only refused to let them proceed by themselves. Their pretext was that they had trouble with miners and feared their visitors would betray their hiding-place and their weakness, and thus bring on attack from their enemies. The Indians became insolent, and from the first stole all they could lay their hands on. After a time they began a series of annoyances calculated to provoke their visitors, with a view to putting them to death and thus securing everything.

The traveler determined to postpone no longer his attempt to escape. All the large canoes fit for sculling had been sent away, but the case was a desperate one, and the captive secretly selected the best of those remaining, and noted the place of its concealment. After cooking and eating their supper the two men retired to their tent as usual, and tied down the flaps in front. Mr. Petroff drew his knife and cut a long slit in the back, and directed the interpreter to load himself with such supplies as he could carry, and go out. The fellow's heart failed him, and it was only by drawing his pistol

and threatening to blow his brains out that Petroff secured obedience. The escape was made in safety, and the two men made their way by night along the coast towards Nuchek again. Mr. Petroff made his way by trading-vessels to San Francisco. The Government vessels had returned without tidings of him, and the report had gone forth that he had perished. Upon his arrival at San Francisco, he went one evening to the meeting of a scientific society of which he was a member, and found that one of his fellow members was just on the point of delivering a memorial address upon his life and services.

#### THE ARTS AND SCIENCES.

Professor Nordenskjöld contemplates an Arctic expedition next Summer, mainly for the purpose of proving the possibility of regular commercial communication with Siberia.

Mr. E. C. Ozanne, of the Indian Civil Service, at present a student at the Royal Agricultural College, Cirencester, Eng., has been appointed Director of Agriculture in the Presidency of Bombay.

A "Solar" Locomotive has been placed on the French Northern Railway. It is so called owing to an electric light which is placed in front and fed by the engine itself, and intended to illuminate the way for a long distance in front.

Dr. Harmand, who has for some time been an assistant secretary of the French Geographical Society, and has lately been appointed Consul for France at Bangkok, is shortly to avail himself of the opportunity thus offered for making natural history and ethnographical collections in the Indo-Chinese peninsula.

The Ancient Device of pouring oil upon troubled waters is to be revived. A Mr. Shields, of Perth, has invented a piece of apparatus for the smoothing of broken sea by means of oil, and a few days ago the contrivance was tried at Peterhead, in Scotland, with considerable success. The oil was conveyed to the North Harbor entrance by means of a pipe about 200 yards long. The pumping soon took effect on a piece of rough water. The oil spread and rendered the surface of the harbor quite smooth over a large area.

The Coming Electrical Exhibition in the Crystal Palace, London, will be less comprehensive than that which has just closed in Paris, but as a practical display of the various systems of electric lighting, it is likely to be more satisfactory. The dimensions, interior arrangements, architectural features and general adornment of the Crystal Palace are admirably adapted for testing illuminating agents, while for the display of appliances for street lighting the spacious terrace affords every facility.

The University of St. Petersburg has had added to it an astronomical observatory for the students. Until now the students who wished to learn practical astronomy have been reduced to make use of the very old observatory of the Academy of Sciences, with its old instruments and a complete want of any accommodation for study, or to find some friend among the officers of the Military General Staff Academy, who study at Pulkovo. Now St. Petersburg has a fine observatory, and will have an assistant professor especially for this subject.

The New York Fire Commissioners have experimented with asbestos as a material for fireproof stage curtains and found it satisfactory. It will resist heat, without burning, long enough to allow any theatre audience to leave the house before the fire could break out beyond the stage. No report has as yet been made, and the commissioners demand as the final test that it shall be shown to satisfaction that an asbestos curtain of the required size shall sustain its own weight. If this can be proved, legislative action will be asked to compel managers of theatres to adopt such curtains.

From Berlin it is announced that an important and somewhat successful experiment has been tried for the importation of meat from the Russian steppes, where enormous herds of cattle abound, the meat of many being allowed to perish after the hides have been secured. Railways in Russia, as is well known, do not run from east to west, but from north to south, so that the difficulties of transportation, even where the cattle are near a railway line, have been great. The experiments in question have been to ship the meat in a salted state, and their success last year in a small way has led to much larger undertakings. The Russian meat resembles in taste the smoked meat of Hamburg, but its price is about forty per cent. less.

The "Journal" of the Geographical Society of Tokyo for the year 1881 has just been published. It is printed wholly in the Japanese character and its contents are therefore inaccessible to all but a very few European readers. Besides reports of the meetings, and some other official information, it contains a paper on Saghalien and the Kurile Islands, and one on the historical geography of Japan. Some Japanese who have traveled in China have formed themselves into a society for publishing a topographical description of that country. This will contain little that will be new to English readers, as no Japanese has, we believe, penetrated into Central Asia from the side of China. The Japanese have given us much new information respecting Corea, but they have as yet added little else to our geographical knowledge.

A French Chemist named Gros professes to have made a discovery which acquires both France and Germany of the charge brought by each against the other of having used poisoned bullets during the late war. The horrid accusation has been defended by the surgeons on both sides, who have persisted in declaring that poison was present in many wounds which they treated, in sufficient quantities to baffie their skill. M. Gros traces a poison, not to deliberate human contrivance, but to the breech-loaders of the period. The killing of the gunpowder, he says, developed in the sides of the barrel a small quantity of prussic acid, which was imbibed by the ball during its rapid transit, and this fearful poison was consequently lodged in the wounds of many a luckless Frenchman and German. Hence the reason why it was so often found to be difficult, or even impossible, to heal even slight wounds, and the doctors on both sides were justified in their declaration that poison was present. The fact that a milder poisonings of the wounded did not occur formerly was due, says M. Gros, to the paper used, which absorbed the small particles of poison and regularly cleaned the gun-barrel.

Mr. J. H. A. Macdonald, ex-Solicitor-General for Scotland, has just invented what he calls a "holophane course indicator"—an electrical apparatus calculated to diminish the risk of collision at sea during the night. It consists of an electric light with a reflector, which is fixed on a movable arm. When the helm is amidships the reflector throws the light straight ahead, the arm being kept fast by two pegs or detents, which are under the control of the helm by means of an electric connection. When the helm is ported, an electric circuit is formed by which one of the detents holding the arm is depressed, leaving the reflector free to move, and then the light sweeps round to starboard with an action like the wave of a hand. When the light has gone round a certain number of points to starboard, a screen rises up and shuts it out from view, and then the arm comes back to midships. If, on the other hand, the helm is put to starboard, the other detent is removed, and a movement exactly the converse of that just described takes place. Thus the strong beam of the electric light is waved to one side or the other, indicating every alteration in the course of the vessel to all who may be within sight, and that at the instant in which the course is changed.

#### PERSONAL GOSSIP.

M. BRUILL, French Consul-General at New York, has been nominated an officer of the Legion of Honor.

M. ROUSAUD, Christine Nilsson's husband, has become insane from the excitement during the recent panic in Paris.

JUDON DRUMMOND, of the United States Court at Chicago, will shortly retire, and Milton Hay, of Springfield, Ill., will succeed him.

REV. COURTLANDT WHITEHEAD, D.D., was formally consecrated Bishop of the Pittsburg Diocese of the Episcopal Church on the 25th ultimo.

PROFESSOR HENRY DRAPER succeeds his father, the late Dr. J. W. Draper, in the chair of chemistry in the University of the City of New York.

THE King of Siam has recently tendered to General Hallerman, the American Consul General in that kingdom, the decoration of the Order of the White Elephant.

AMHERST COLLEGE will receive \$50,000 for its library from the estate of the late Joel Giles, a Boston lawyer, who was a member for one year of the class of 1825.

It is expected that Kuno Fischer, the famous Heidelberg professor of philosophy, will accept an invitation to fill the chair in the Berlin University vacated by the death of Professor Lotze.

EX-GOVERNOR REDFIELD PROCTOR, of Rutland, Vt., has offered the town a piece of land for a park, and \$7,000 in cash, to be expended in beautifying it, on condition that another \$7,000 be raised.

AT Little Rock, Ark., United States Judge Caldwell was seriously injured, on the 25th ultimo, by the explosion of a small package containing white powder which he found on the mantelpiece in his residence and carelessly tossed into the fire.

THE Duke of Hamilton has decided to sell his magnificent library at Hamilton Palace, on the Clyde, including the celebrated Beckford collection. This collection was made by William Beckford, the author and traveler.

COMMODORE OSCAR C. BADGER, who is to succeed Commodore Ransom in command of the Charleston Navy Yard, is fifty-nine years old, and a native of Connecticut; has been in the navy forty years, and did excellent service during the war.

MARY PRATT, of Watertown, Mass., who died recently, bequeathed \$20,000 to the Massachusetts General Hospital. Sally Blood, a nonagenarian spinster of Concord, Mass., who passed away a few days ago, left the bulk of her estate to the town of Concord to help pay its debt.

SENATOR ANTHONY, of Rhode Island, lives, when at Providence, in a wooden house, externally of the plainest and most ordinary appearance. The interior, however, is filled with rare paintings and bric-a-brac. Once a year the Senator makes a pilgrimage to his ancestral village of Anthony and delivers a lecture to the villagers.

VIC ADMIRAL SCHRESTAKOFF has been gazetted as Russian Minister of Marine. Prince Lobanoff, the Russian Ambassador at London, will be recalled, and be intrusted with an important post, possibly the Chancellorship, and in consequence of the changes thereby rendered necessary, M. de Giers will probably become Ambassador at Berlin.

NATHAN WEBB, nominated to be Judge of the United States Court for the district of Maine, was born in Portland in 1825, graduated from Harvard College in 1846 in the same class with Senator Hoar, studied law, and was admitted to the Bar soon after graduation, and for years has enjoyed a large practice. He was a member of the Maine Legislature during the war, was appointed district attorney in 1869, and held the office until 1878, when he declined a re-appointment.

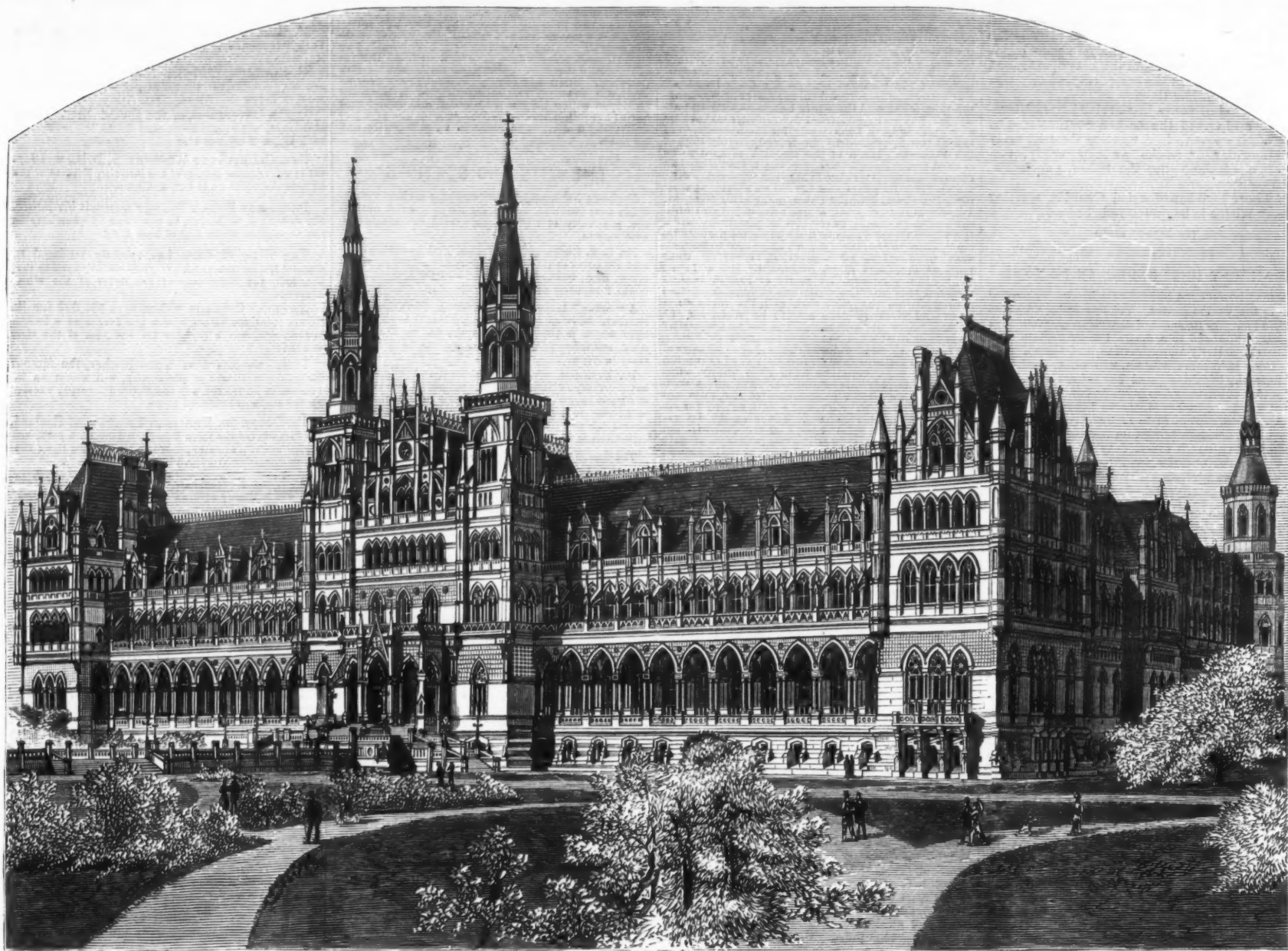
MOODY and SANKRY have been crowding the Free Assembly Hall in Edinburgh. Mr. Moody has enlisted the sympathy of the Scotch children to a remarkable extent. He invited them to bring on a certain day such contributions as they could spare from their homes of toys which had been given them, and which they were willing to give to poor children who were without these luxuries. The result was the bringing of enough toys to fill two large wagons.

An elegant bronze plate has been made by Tiffany & Co., to be attached to the bronze coffin containing the remains of President Garfield. The plate is of heavy, solid design, and possesses such intricacies of carving that over three months were consumed in its conception. Its size is 18 by 8 inches, and bears, in raised letters, the inscription, "Garfield, 1881." The carving, to an unpracticed eye, presents simply a bas-relief of leaves and acorns, and at each end an open lily; but each stem, twig and leaf is emblematic of the life and character of the dead President.

PRINCESS JEANNE the intelligent and pretty daughter of Prince Pierre Bonaparte and his milliner wife—is about to be married to the Marquis de Villeneuve Esclapart. Her dowry of 2,000,000 francs is probably a part of the money brought into the family by her brother's marriage with Mlle. Blanc. Her future husband has, like herself, aesthetic tastes, and the young pair became acquainted by contributing, one to the preface, the other to the illustrations, of some forthcoming novel poem by William Bonaparte Wyse, the friend of M. de Villeneuve and cousin to the Princess.

CAPTAIN IRISH, of Newport, R. I., who has just received from King Alfonso of Spain, with the consent of the Government at Washington, the Grand Cross of the Order of Naval Merit, for services to the Spanish steam sloop-of-war *Pizarro*, was born in Newport, and at twenty-five years of age was appointed third lieutenant in the revenue service, in 1863, serving on board the United States steamer Constitution attached to the naval academy station at Newport. He passed through the several grades with distinction, and was appointed a captain in 1874. He is now in command of the revenue steamer *Dexter*.

OBITUARY.—January 21st.—Rev. Enoch Pond, D.D., President of the Bangor (Me.) Theological Seminary, aged 91. January 22d.—At Brooklyn, N. Y., Major-General Silas Casey, retired list, U.S.A., aged 74; Henry E. Rockwell, Secretary of the United States Fish Commission, aged 71. January 23d.—Hon. Clarkson N. Potter, a distinguished lawyer of New York, ex-Member of Congress and President of the National Bar Association, aged 57; at Pittsfield, Mass., Hon. Ensign H. Kellogg, Speaker for two terms of the Massachusetts House of Representatives, a State Senator and American representative on the late Fisheries Commission, aged 70. January 25th.—At Newport, N. H., ex-Congressman and ex-Commissioner of Patents Burke, aged 72; at Middletown, Conn., Joseph Barrett, M.D., an authority on botany and mineralogy, and claimant as discoverer of bird tracks and fossil remains in the sandstone regions of the Connecticut Valley, aged 83. January 26th.—At Washington, D.C., General Robert B. Mitchell, ex-Governor of New Mexico, aged 53; Professor Theophilus Parsons, for over twenty years Dane Professor of Law in the Harvard Law School, and one of the most eminent legal authorities in the country, aged 84. January 27th.—Sir Robert Christison, Bart., the distinguished Scotch surgeon and chemist, aged 74.



WASHINGTON, D. C.—THE PROPOSED BUILDING FOR THE CONGRESSIONAL LIBRARY.—FROM THE PLAN OF THE ARCHITECT, J. L. SMITHMEYER.

## THE PROPOSED CONGRESSIONAL LIBRARY.

WE give on this page an illustration of the proposed Congressional Library at the National Capitol, the picture being a reproduction of the design submitted by J. L. Smithmeyer, of the firm of J. L. Smithmeyer & P. J. Peiz, architects, of Washington. The design is the result of the constant study and observation of these gentlemen since 1872, at which time their plan received the first premium among twenty-eight plans in a public competition invited by the committee of Congress. From 1872 until 1879 several unsuccessful attempts were made to pass some Bill or other for the better accommodation of the library. In 1879 Senator Voorhees, of Indiana, was placed at the head of this committee, and to his energy, perseverance and

tact must be given the credit for all that has thus far been accomplished in that direction.

The last Congress appointed a joint select committee on the subject of additional accommodations for the Congressional Library, and passed an Act according to which three experts were to be selected by this committee for the purpose of investigating and reporting to Congress whether it is feasible and advantageous, for library purposes, to extend the Capitol building, or whether a separate building should be erected for the library. They unanimously reported adversely to the extension of the Capitol for that purpose, and in favor of a separate structure.

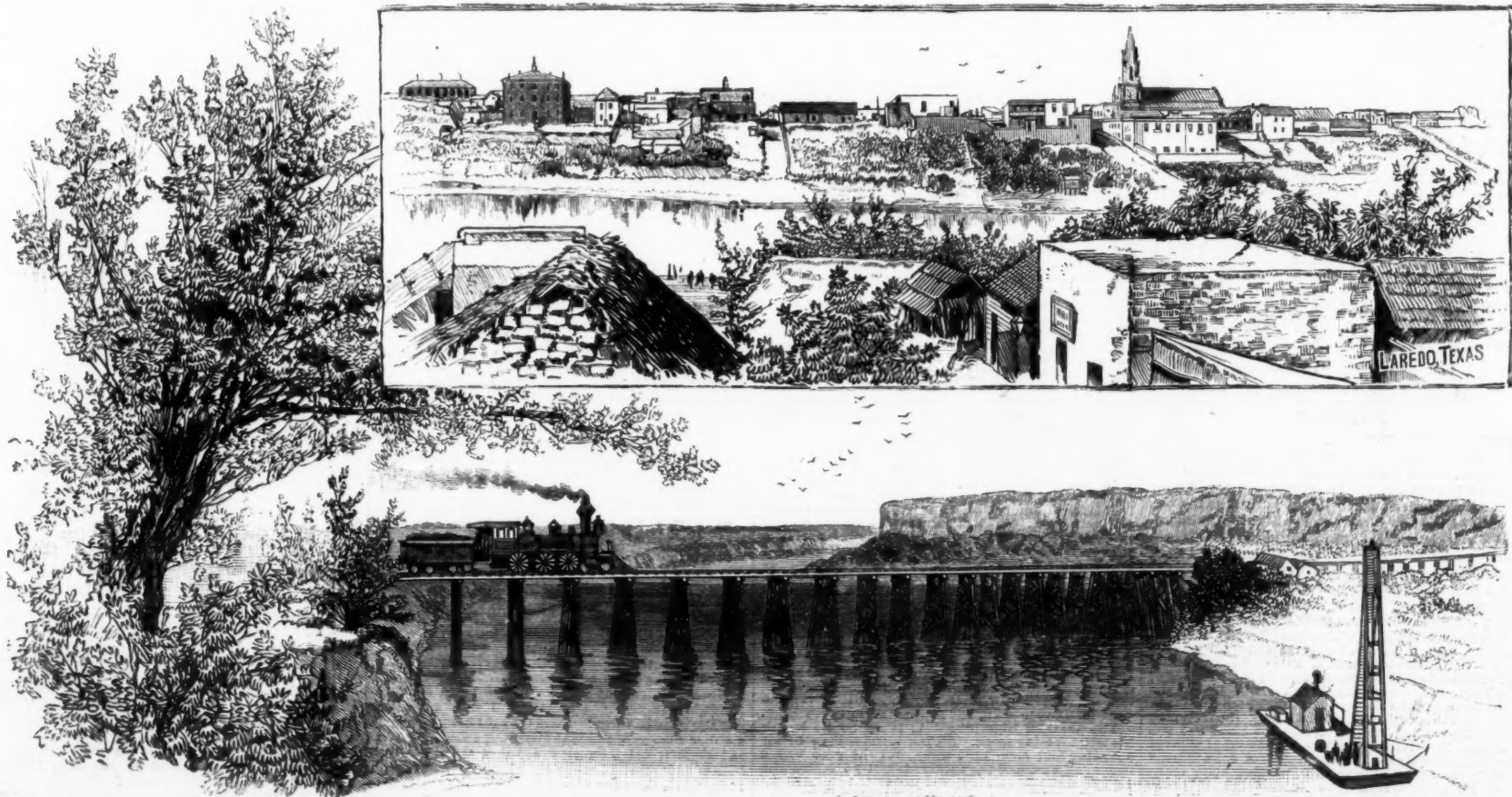
This Act also provided that the three experts thus selected should each prepare a plan for a new structure, and submit it to the committee, thus creating a second and close competition among the three ex-

perts. The plan submitted by Mr. Smithmeyer was again selected by the joint committee, but Congress failed to act upon the report, and the matter passed over to the present Congress. The committee of this Congress, headed by Senator Voorhees, of Indiana, and Representative Rice, of Massachusetts, desirous of avoiding further unnecessary delay in this matter, indorsed all the action of the committee of the last session, except the adoption of an exterior in the Gothic style instead of the Renaissance (the selection of the last committee). Having thus selected the plan for the structure, and its location, the committee showed its wisdom in the election of the Librarian of Congress, Mr. Spofford, as one of the three gentlemen who will form the building committee.

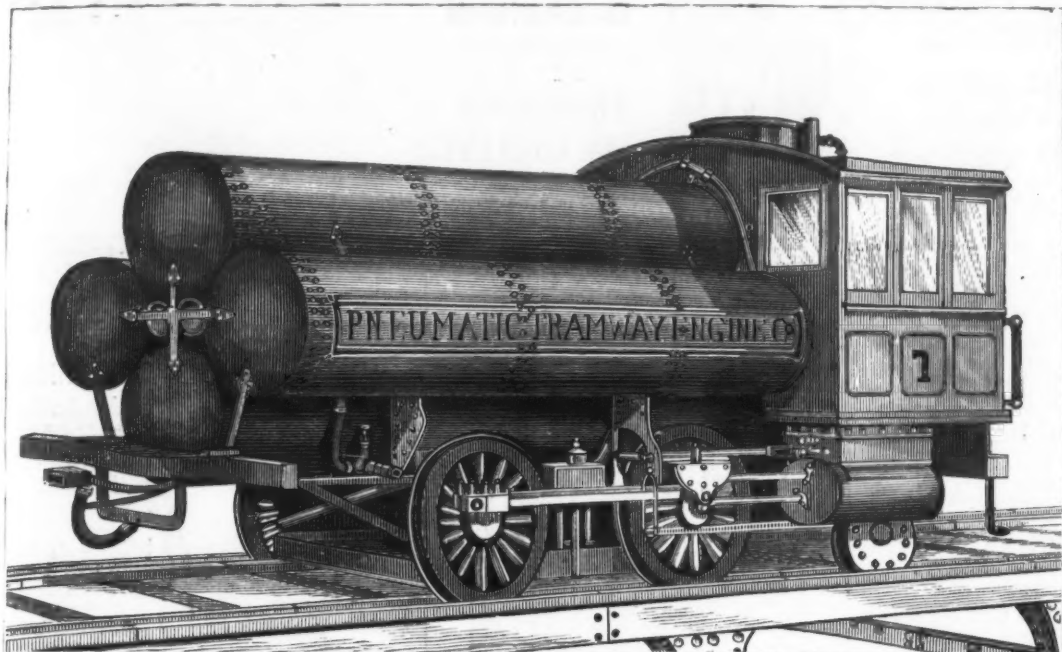
Mr. Spofford obviously understands the wants and necessities of such a library better than any other

man, and will, in his new capacity, be of still greater service to the architects than he has been heretofore. It is proper here to state that the design represented by our illustration was made previous to the several specific requirements agreed upon by the committee, at the suggestion of the Librarian, and, therefore, does not precisely present the building as it is proposed, in all its details, but it shows its general outlines, features and style. A transformation of the upper stories, for instance, a general lowering of the roof line, etc., will become necessary, together with other minor changes, such as will be required in consequence of the latest studies of the interior.

The plan, as perfected with the assistance of Mr. Spofford, contemplates a large central reading-room (octagonal in shape) of 100 feet diameter, and receiving its light from side windows in the upper



TEXAS.—THE RAILROAD UNION OF THE UNITED STATES AND MEXICO—FIRST LOCOMOTIVE CROSSING THE TEMPORARY BRIDGE OVER THE RIO GRANDE, AT LAREDO, NOVEMBER 20TH, 1881.—SEE PAGE 419.



NEW YORK CITY.—A PNEUMATIC MOTOR, DESIGNED FOR USE ON ELEVATED RAILROADS.

part of the room, and also from a large "eye" or skylight like the Pantheon in Rome. Much attention has been given to the matter of light, especially in this central reading-room, and it is a source of great satisfaction to know, that, although the Pantheon in Rome is amply lighted, the reading-room in question will have twenty-three and a half times as much light. The spaces between the buttresses of this dome-shaped room up to the window openings will be utilized for alcoves, which will

stories above-ground, as represented in our illustration. The corners will be accentuated by massive pavilions, and the middle of the longer sides by a lofty gable flanked by two characteristic towers. The foundation and first story are intended to be built of blue gneiss from the shores of the Potomac; the main body of the structure, of granite; and the trimmings, of some darker stone. The interior will be finished in marble, wherever admissible. The first story of the principal facade will contain (in the centre portion) an elegant vestibule and spacious corridors surrounding a lofty staircase, with double ascending stairs of white marble. From this stair-hall, the grand central reading-room, as well as the spacious corridors which lead into the administration offices in the front building, will be reached. The four corners will contain large rooms, for maps, manuscripts, photographs and lithographs, while the intermediate curtained portions on the sides and in the rear will contain two stories of book repositories. The centre portion of the building of the rear facade, immediately back of the

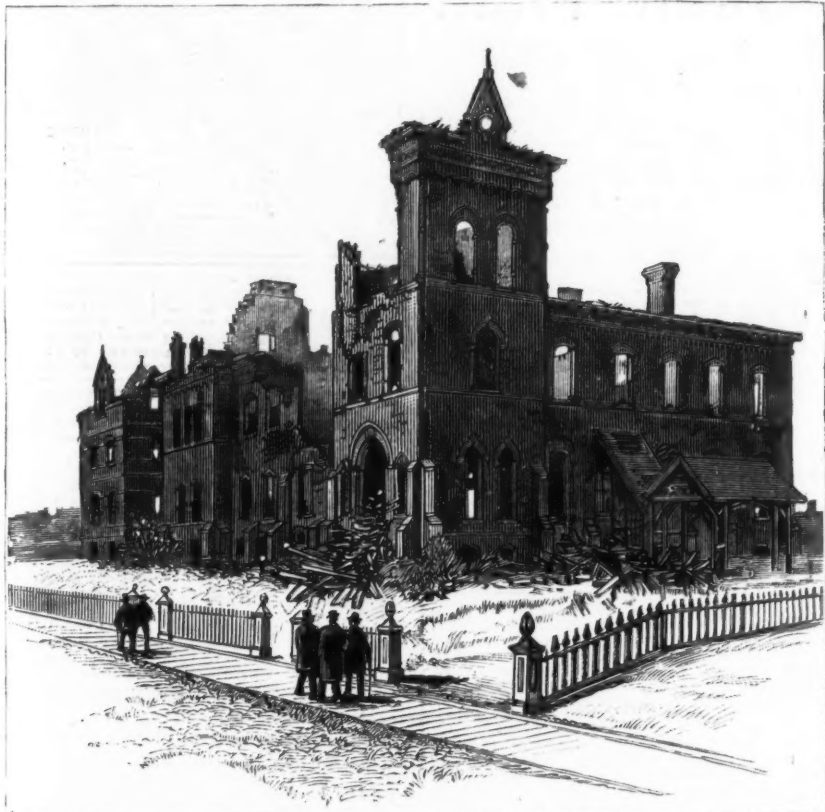
records, of works of the graphic arts, maps, charts and similar productions of artistic skill. All these will be arranged, for public inspection, in galleries forty feet wide, about 1,500 feet in extent, and excellently lighted. The basement story will be used partly for repository purposes, newspaper files, etc., and will also contain the bindery, packing, distributing and other necessary adjunct departments. The subcellar below will be used for heating and ventilating purposes, for fuel, etc.

## PNEUMATIC MOTOR FOR ELEVATED RAILROADS.

THE latest of many tests of motors for use on the elevated as well as the surface railroads was made recently with an engine invented by Mr. Robert Hardy. The engine pulled four coaches from One Hundred and Twenty-ninth Street to South Ferry. At starting the engine was charged with air under 600 pounds pressure. The machine has stood the test of 750 pounds pressure. The inventor, Mr. Hardy, who was engineer, said that he wanted to be on the safe side. Colonel Hahn, H. L. Grant and other



HON. JOHN A. KAESON, MEMBER OF CONGRESS FROM IOWA. FROM A PHOTO. BY BELL.—SEE PAGE 419.



CONNECTICUT.—RUINS OF THE PUBLIC HIGH SCHOOL AT HARTFORD, BURNED JAN. 24TH. FROM A SKETCH BY F. C. PENFIELD.—SEE PAGE 419.

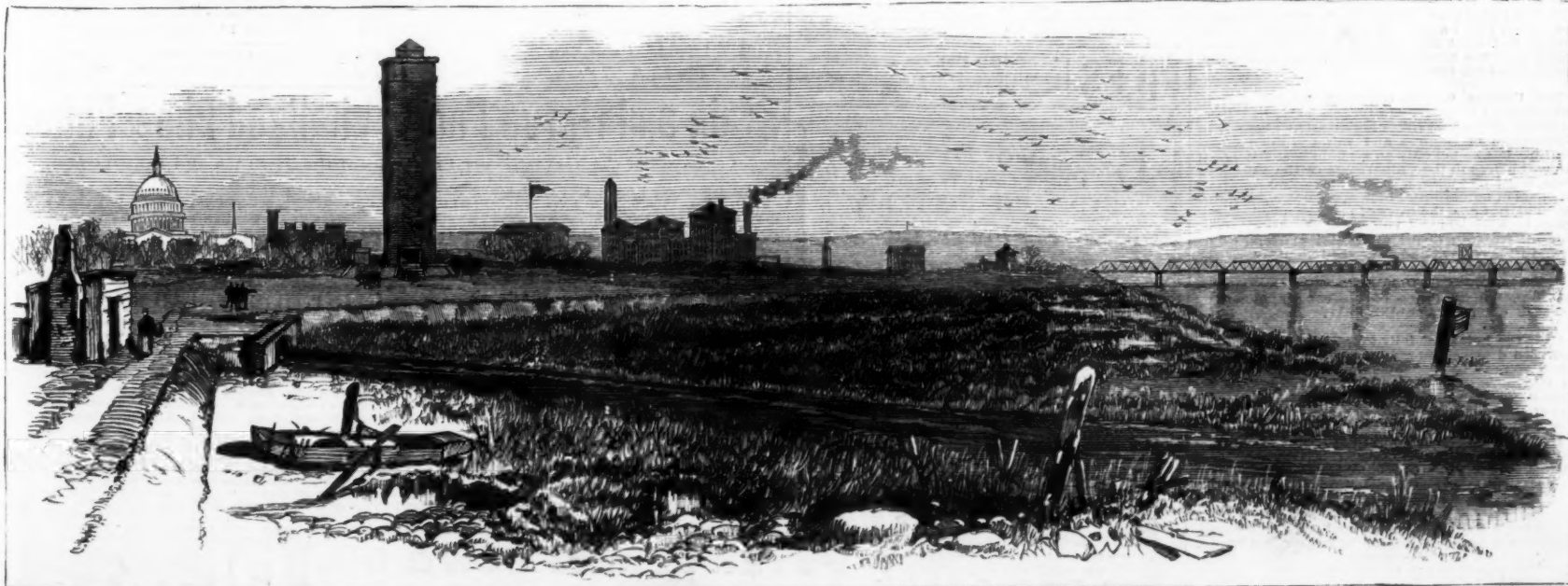
contain such books as are known to be more frequently called for. From this central reading-room, five connecting wings will radiate, communicating with wings lying in the principal axes of the building. These wings will contain five stories of book repositories, lighted from the sides and from skylights.

The system of the interior wings, with intermediate spacious open courts for light and air, will be bounded on the exterior by a rectangular structure 310 by 460 feet, and showing three

reading room, will contain only the Washingtoniana—an immensely valuable collection of the literature, works of history, art, etc., relating to the founder of our Republic. The entire second story of the outer body of the building will be used for the storage and exhibition of copyright



WASHINGTON, D. C.—MOUTH OF THE GREAT SEWER, POTOMAC FLATS.



WASHINGTON, D. C.—MAP OF THE PESTILENTIAL POTOMAC FLATS, NOW PROPOSED TO BE RECLAIMED.—SEE PAGE 419.

officers and stockholders, were on the train, but it was run as a regular passenger train.

The motor does not differ from an ordinary steam motor to the eye of the unobservant traveler. Instead of the usual boiler, however, four large air reservoirs are used, each three feet in diameter, made of steel half an inch thick and having a tensile strength of 75,000 pounds. These reservoirs contain 460 cubic feet of air compressed to 600 pounds to the square inch, and are all connected, the only advantage of four reservoirs over one large one being a better distribution of gravity. By running the triple riveted seams around the boilers spirally instead of longitudinally, it is claimed that the strength of a solid steel tube is obtained. The air, heated to 240° Fahrenheit by passing through hot water, and moistened that it may act as a lubricator, passes into the steam chest at a pressure of 120 pounds, which is regulated by reducing valves and safety gauges. In running down hill or coming to a stop, the cylinders can be converted into air pumps, storing away energy that will act as a spring in starting the engine; while by the turning of a valve and reversing the lever the cylinder will work as air-brakes.

THE public are cautioned to ask for DR. BULL'S COUGH SYRUP, and take no other. Price 25 cents.

#### FINANCIAL.

(Weekly Review of the Wall Street Markets. By HENRY L. HAYMOND & CO., Stock-broker, No. 4 Pine Street, N. Y.)

DURING the week it was officially announced by Commissioner FINK, on behalf of the trunk line railroads, that the railroad war had been settled by an agreement to advance rates to the figures which obtained before the close of the summer, and to refer the question of differential rates and other matters about which there is a radical difference to commissioners, who are to report what they think each of the companies should do. This result was nevertheless disappointing, and its effect in the stock market was to cause a decline rather than a rise in prices; Wall Street not being disposed to credit the managers of the trunk line roads with anything except tricky designs where they are not absolutely bound by a written agreement.

In our report of last week we suggested the advisability of selecting some of the southwestern and other securities not affected by the prolonged railroad war. In these shares we firmly believe an advance will occur in the near future. A close observation of the transactions at the Stock Exchange, since the return of Mr. Jay Gould from the west, leads to the inference that he has been buying stocks steadily, and the opinion prevails among the more intelligent operators that we shall see higher prices for many stocks. If he has bought a line of stocks it will very soon become apparent, and though there is at present little disposition shown on the part of the general public to buy, his lead will certainly be followed by the rank and file of professional dealers, and a rise is sure to follow, which will attract general buying. The latest accounts of the financial disturbances in Paris and Vienna, between merely a reaction in the wild stock speculation which has been going on in those cities during the past year.—*discussant.*

#### "BETTER HEALTH THAN FOR FORTY YEARS."

A PATIENT who has been using COMPOUND OXYGEN writes: "I am enjoying better health than I have done for forty years, and I attribute my restoration entirely to the use of your COMPOUND OXYGEN. My average weight was never over 100 pounds. I now weigh 125 pounds, and have renewed vitality, and my friends say I am looking ten years younger than when I commenced the use of the Oxygen." Our Treatise on Compound Oxygen, containing large reports of cases and full particulars, sent free. DR. STARKEY & PALIN, 110 and 111 Girard St., Philadelphia, Pa.

TWO LITTLE girls, aged four and six, had just had new dresses, and were on their way to Sunday-school. Said Ets, the elder: "Oh, I have forgotten my verse." "I haven't forgotten mine," replied the other: "It is 'Blessed are the dressmakers.'"

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE is of signal benefit in cases of nervous prostration, the result of mental overwork.

FAMILIES IN WHICH CHILDREN THRIVE USE ANGIO-SWISS MILK-FOOD, which gives vigor and bodily substance. Equally good for invalids.

CLARA LOUISE KELLOGG. MESSRS. RIKER & SON: CLARENDON HOTEL. The value of your AMERICAN FACE POWDER as a toilet requisite cannot be over-estimated. I endorse it with pleasure. Yours sincerely, CLARA LOUISE KELLOGG.

HUB PUNCH is a delicious drink.

If you suffer from looseness of the bowels, ANGIOSTRA BITTERS will surely cure you. Beware of counterfeits, and ask your grocer or druggist for the genuine article, prepared by Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons.

ATLANTA, GA., Dec. 24th, 1881. H. W. Johns Mfg. Co., 87 Maiden Lane, New York: DEAR SIR: . . . The warehouse (300 x 300) in Columbus, Ga., was covered with your roofing, ordered by Colonel W. L. Salisbury, some ten years ago, and it is now as apparently as good as new. Yours truly, J. T. WARNOCK, M.D.

CHEERFUL CONVERSATION IS ONE of the pleasantest amenities of life. But a fluent talker whose "gems of thought" drop from lips which disclose yellow teeth going to rack and ruin, makes less impression than he or she otherwise would. Bear this in mind, conversationalists, and lend added force to your utterances by keeping your teeth white and pure with SOZODONT, wholesome and most thorough of tooth preparations, which removes tartar, renders the gums healthy, and purifies the breath.

THE UNITED STATES OFFICIAL POSTAL GUIDE, published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., under the authority of the Post Office Department, abounds in information of interest and value to the general public. It has not only an alphabetical list of all the post-offices in the United States with county and State, a list by States, a list by States and counties, and lists of money-order offices, domestic and international, but also the rates of postage, a synopsis of postal laws, orders and rulings of the department, and information about all postal matters. The "Guide" is revised and published monthly.

PEARL'S WHITE GLYCERINE penetrates the skin, and removes all faults of the complexion. Try PEARL'S WHITE GLYCERINE SOAP.

It is the height of folly to wait until you are in bed with disease you may not get over for months, when you can be cured during the early symptoms by PARKER'S GINGER TONIC. We have known the sickest families made the healthiest by a timely use of this pure medicine.—*Observer.*

DESERVING articles are always appreciated. The exceptional cleanliness of PARKER'S HAIR BALM makes it popular. Gray hairs are impossible with its occasional use.

"Use Redding's Russia Salve."

HALFORD SAUCE, the best and cheapest relish, sold only in bottle, unrivaled by any for family use.

TERRIBLE LOSS OF LIFE. MILLIONS of rats, mice, cats, bedbugs, roaches, lose their lives by collision with "ROUGH ON RATS." Sold by druggists, 15c.

### VALUABLE TRUTHS

"If you are suffering from poor health or languishing on a bed of sickness, take cheer, for

**Hop Bitters will Cure you.**

"If you are simply ailing, if you feel weak and dispirited, without clearly knowing why,

**Hop Bitters will Revive you.**

"If you are a Minister, and have overtaxed yourself with your pastoral duties, or a Mother, worn out with care and work,

**Hop Bitters will Restore you.**

"If you are a man of business or laborer weakened by the strain of your every-day duties, or a man of letters, tiring over your midnight work,

**Hop Bitters will Strengthen you**

"If you are suffering from over-eating or drinking, any indiscretion or dissipation, or are young and growing too fast, as is often the case,

**Hop Bitters will Relieve you.**

"If you are in the workshop, on the farm, at the desk, anywhere, and feel that your system needs cleansing, toning or stimulating, without intoxicating,

**Hop Bitters is what you Need.**

"If you are old, and your blood thin and impure, pulse feeble, your nerves 'unsteady,' and your faculties waning,

**Hop Bitters will give you New Life and Vigor.**

"HOP BITTERS is an elegant, healthy and refreshing beverage for sick-room drinks, impure water, etc., rendering them harmless, and sweetening the mouth, and cleansing the stomach.

#### GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.

### EPPS'S COCOA.

#### BREAKFAST.

"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast-tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—*Civil Service Gazette.*

Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold in tins only (1/2 lb. and 1 lb.) labeled.

JAMES EPPS & CO., HOMEOPATHIC CHEMISTS, London, England.

### ELECTRIC LIGHTING STOCKS

BOUGHT AND SOLD. INFORMATION FURNISHED. GEO. H. WHIPPLE, 56 Wall Street, New York.

### Shenandoah Valley Railroad.

### CAVERNS of LURAY.

The Luray Cave and Hotel Company have notified this Company that they have introduced the

**ELECTRIC LIGHT** into the Caverns, and they are now daily illuminated by the aid of this powerful agent.

No other illuminator being Adequate to penetrate the obscurities of these vast subterranean halls and grottoes or to properly reveal their

**MAGNIFICENT ORNAMENTATION.** No similar Caverns are known elsewhere. No Caverns have ever before been illuminated by the aid of electricity.

The effects produced fully meet the anticipation, and are marvellously beautiful, presenting to the eye visions which have been heretofore unobtainable. No extra charge is made for the illumination by the Electric Light, and Guides are furnished free, as usual.

### LURAY INN

will remain open at all seasons of the year, and visitors may feel assured of procuring superior and first-class accommodations.

**THROUGH TICKETS** are on sale by connecting roads.

JOS. H. SANDS, Superintendent, Hagerstown, Md. CHAS. F. HATCH, Gen'l Pass'r Agent, Philadelphia.

**ITCHING PILLS.**—Moisture, intense itching; most at night; sure cure. Swayne's Ointment. At Druggists.

### PILES

**BOKER'S BITTERS,** THE OLDEST AND BEST OF ALL STOMACH BITTERS, AND AS FINE A CORDIAL AS EVER MADE. To be had in Quarts and Pints. L. FUNKE, Jr., Sole Manufacturer and Proprietor, 78 John Street, New York.

Banking House of Henry Clews & Co., 18 New St., N. Y. (next door to Stock Exchange).

Securities bought and sold strictly on commission. Four per cent. allowed on depositors' accounts. Members of the N. Y. Stock Exchange.

### Seeds

We send our Illustrated Catalogue of "Everything for the Garden," FREE, on application.

**"Household" Sewing-Machine.**  
MANUFACTURED BY  
**PROVIDENCE TOOL COMPANY.**  
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EASY RUNNING. Simple in Construction. Perfect in Workmanship.

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140 Tremont St., Boston. WARREN & WING, Agents.  
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### CHAMPAGNE.

THIS WINE is acknowledged by judges to be the best in existence. It is selected by the nobility of Russia, who are known to be connoisseurs of champagne.

### FOSSIL FISH.

Class Teloists. Age Cretaceous? Found at Green River, Sweetwater Co., Wyoming Territory. They are rare curiosities, and gems for cabinet purposes. Sent by mail, prepaid, on receipt of \$1. Address,

**H. H. TAMMEN & CO.,** P. O. Box 1857, DENVER, COLO.

N. B.—Write for Circular of the Mineral Inkstand.

### H.W. JOHNS' ASBESTOS LIQUID PAINTS

ROOFING, BOILER COVERINGS, Steam Packings, Mill Board, Gaskets, Sheathings, Fire-proof Coatings, Cements, &c. SEND FOR DESCRIPTIVE PRICE-LIST.

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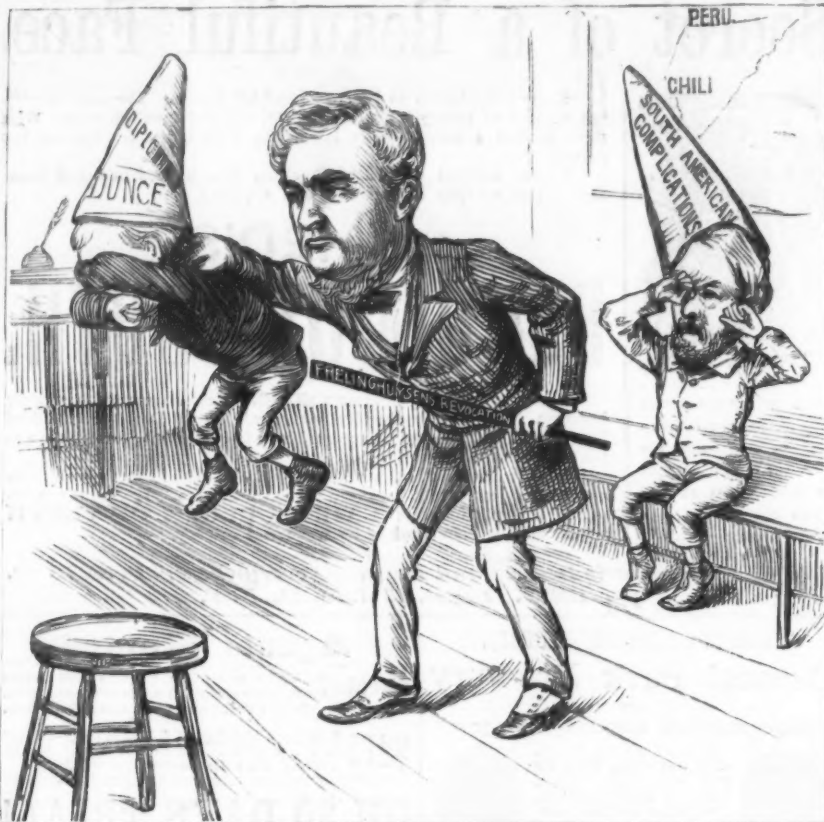
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